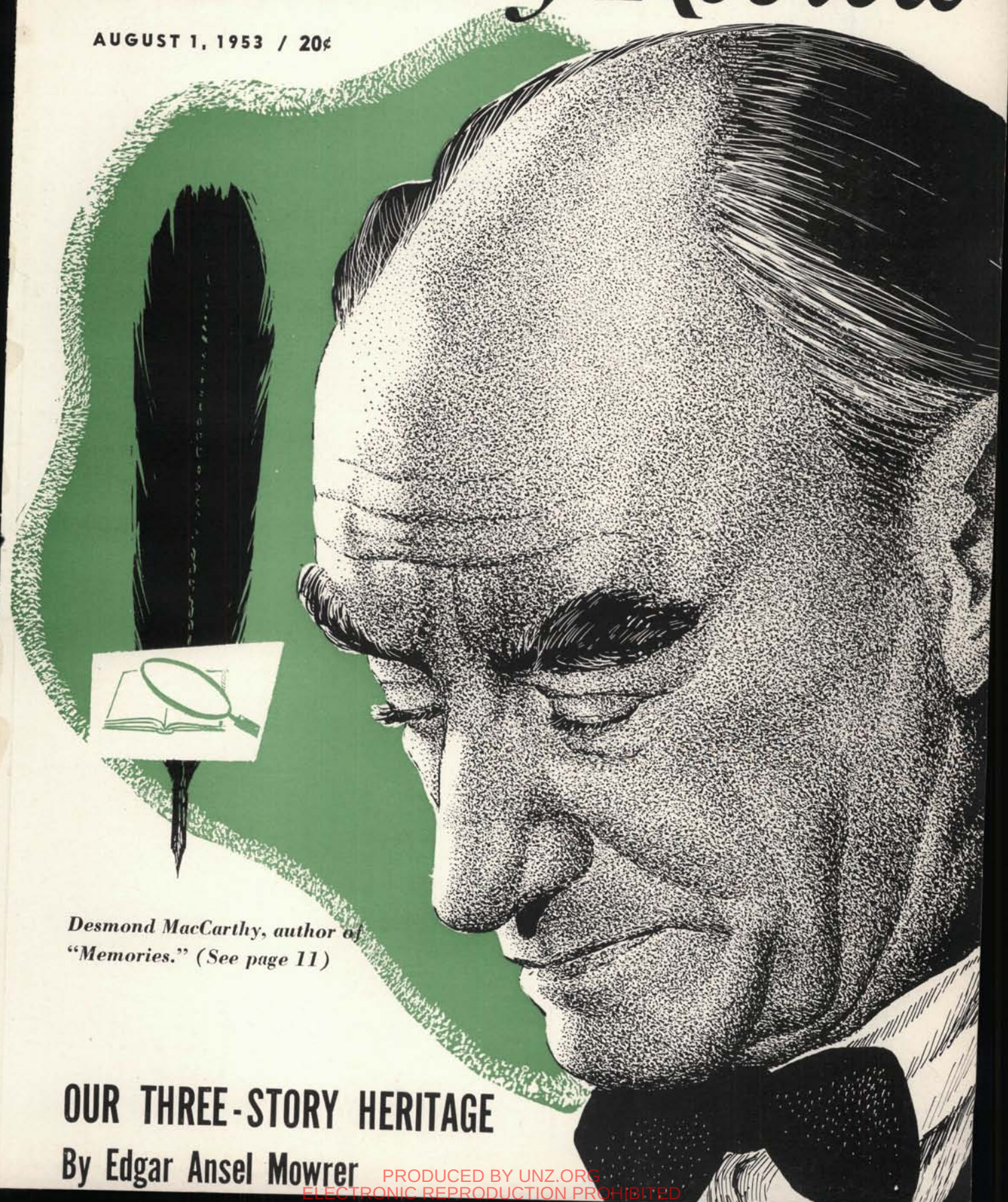
Saturday Review

AUGUST 1, 1953 / 20¢



Desmond MacCarthy, author of "Memories." *(See page 11)*

OUR THREE-STORY HERITAGE

By Edgar Ansel Mowrer

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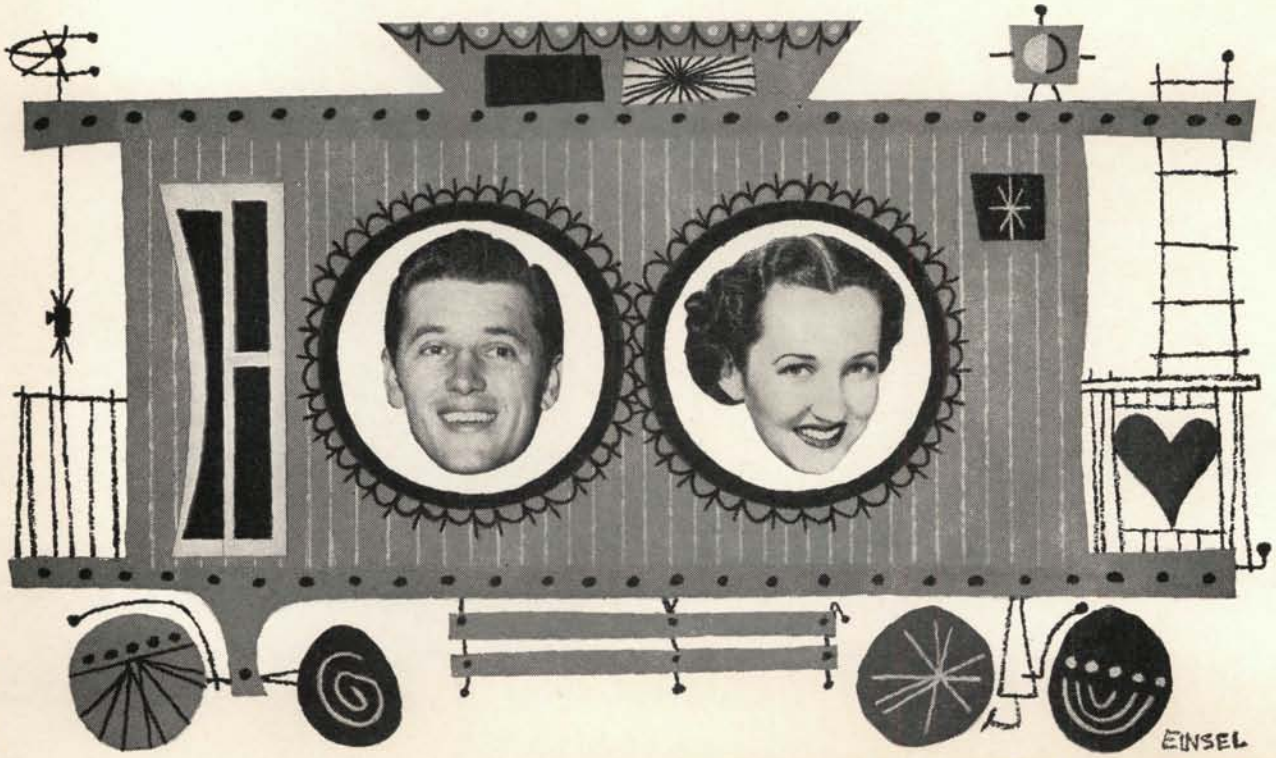

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SR's Library Poll

THE twenty top books most in demand at representative public libraries around the country this week disclosed that the spectrum of America's current reading taste ranges from historical romance and mountain climbing to serious fiction of World War II, undersea exploration, belles-lettres, and feminine psychology.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

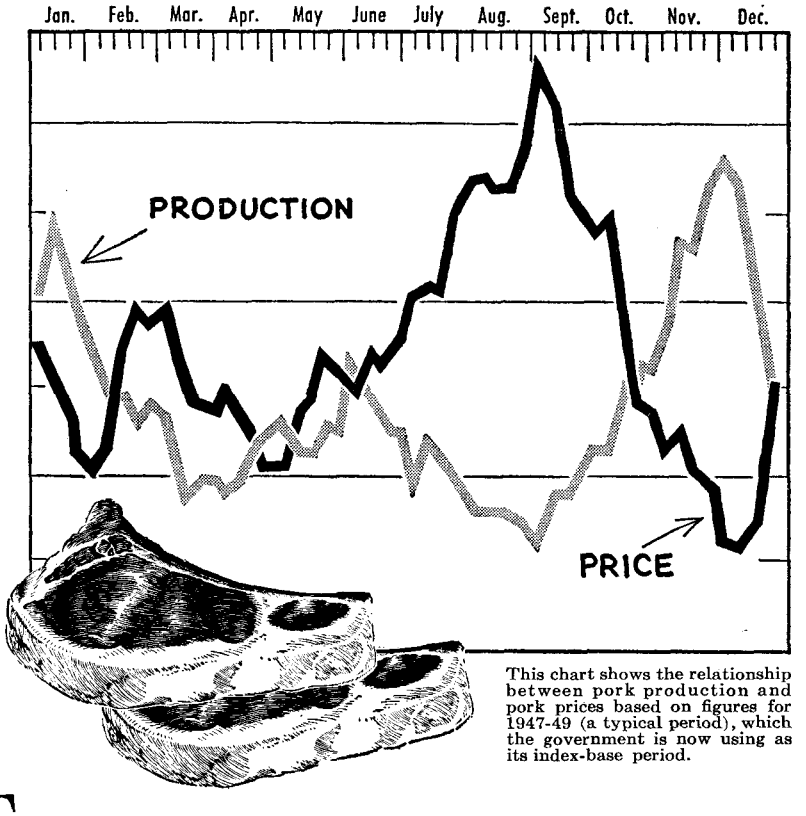
1. **Désirée**
   By Annemarie Selinko (F)
2. **Annapurna**
   By Maurice Herzog (N-F)
3. **The Caine Mutiny**
   By Herman Wouk (F)
4. **Battle Cry**
   By Leon M. Uris (F)
5. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   By Norman Vincent Peale (N-F)
6. **The Silent World**
   By J.-Y. Cousteau (N-F)
7. **The Second Sex**
   By Simone de Beauvoir (N-F)
8. **The Silver Chalice**
   By Thomas B. Costain (F)
9. **Kiss Me Again, Stranger**
   By Daphne du Maurier (F)
10. **The Dark Angel**
    By Mika Waltari (F)
11. **The Rommel Papers**
    Edited by B. H. Liddell-Hart (N-F)
12. **People, Places and Books**
    By Gilbert Highet (N-F)
13. **East of Eden**
    By John Steinbeck (F)
14. **Man on a Donkey**
    By H. F. M. Prescott (F)
15. **You Shall Know Them**
    By Vercors (F)
16. **Moulin Rouge**
    By Pierre La Mure (F)
17. **The Echoing Grove**
    By Rosamund Lehman (N-F)
18. **Witness**
    By Whittaker Chambers (N-F)
19. **A Man Called Peter**
    By Catherine Marshall (N-F)
20. **Golden Admiral**
    By Van Wyck Mason (F)

Cooperating in the poll from selected cities were these public libraries:

Atlanta (Ga.) Public Library
Boston (Mass.) Public Library
Chicago (Ill.) Public Library
Cleveland (Ohio) Public Library
Dallas (Tex.) Public Library
Washington (D. C.) Public Library
Los Angeles (Cal.) Public Library
Louisville (Ky.) Public Library
Milwaukee (Wis.) Public Library
New York (N. Y.) Public Library
Omaha (Neb.) Public Library
Philadelphia (Pa.) Free Library
Salt Lake City (Utah) Free Public Library

—W. D. P.

What law sends pork prices up in summer... down again in winter?



This chart shows the relationship between pork production and pork prices based on figures for 1947-49 (a typical period), which the government is now using as its index-base period.

THE well-known law of *supply and demand*. With pork, it works like this:

More than half the pigs are born in spring—also according to law, the *law of nature*. They spend a good 6 months growing to pork chop size.

As a result, fewer pigs are ready for market during the summer months. And meat packers have to pay higher prices in order to get enough pork to fill customers' orders.

Then, along about the time the first leaves fall, all these pigs begin to come to market. And the same thing happens as with any other perishable commodity (strawberries, eggs or oranges) when there is suddenly a lot more than there was.

The price just naturally goes down!

The chart above shows how the cycle goes. *Less pork—higher prices* through the summer followed by *more pork, lower prices* during the winter.

Remember, summertime is the time when a big new meat crop is "growing up" on America's farms and ranches.

Did you know

... that America's 4000 meat packing companies must compete for the farmer's livestock on one hand, and for customers on the other ... that this two-way competition provides a highly effective system of checks and balances on meat prices ... that this is one of the reasons meat moves from farm to table at a lower service cost than almost any other food?

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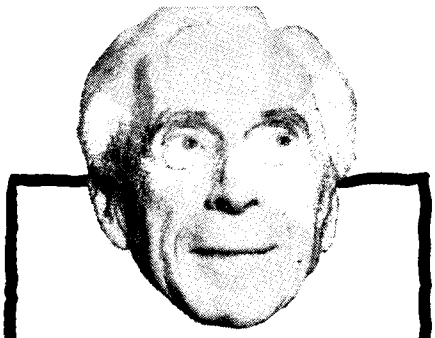

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The Saturday Review

AUGUST 1, 1953

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SR/IDEAS

9 OUR THREE-STORY HERITAGE, by Edgar Ansel Mowrer
20 THE CONSOLATIONS OF ILLITERACY, by Phyllis McGinley
22 STRANGE INTERLUDE: AN EDITORIAL

SR/BOOKS

11 MEMORIES, by Desmond MacCarthy
An Essay-Review by W. T. Scott
12 BEST ARTICLES 1953, selected by Rudolf Flesch
Reviewed by Jack Harrison Pollock
13 NEW WORLD WRITING: Third Mentor Selection
Reviewed by Robert Halsband
14 THE CITY, by Julius Horwitz
LOVE IS A LONELY THING, by Florence Jane Soman
An Essay-Review by James Kelly
15 THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING, by James Yaffe
Reviewed by Max Wilk
16 WESTWARD THE SUN, by Geoffrey Cotterell
Reviewed by Harrison Smith
16 A LADY AT BAY, by Edgar Maass
Reviewed by Thomas Caldecot Chubb
17 THE STRANGE CASE OF ALGER HISS, by the Earl Jowitt
An Essay-Review by Morris L. Ernst
18 BLUE TROUT AND BLACK TRUFFLES, by Joseph Wechsberg
Reviewed by Lucius Beebe
19 BOUQUET DE FRANCE, by Samuel Chamberlain
Reviewed by Lawton Mackall
34 FRA ANGELICO, by John Pope-Hennessy
Reviewed by S. Lane Faison, Jr.
35 REMBRANDT'S ETCHINGS, by Ludwig Munz
Reviewed by Jakob Rosenberg
37 PRINTS AND VISUAL COMMUNICATION, by William M. Ivins, Jr.
Reviewed by Carl Zigrosser

SR/DEPARTMENTS

5 TRADE WINDS, by Laura Z. Hobson
13 LITERARY I.Q.
23 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
24 BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT, by Henry Hewes
26 TV AND RADIO, by Goodman Ace
27 *SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Hollis Alpert
28 NEW EDITIONS, by Ben Ray Redman
29 LITERARY CRYPT
30 *SR's* WORLD TRAVEL CALENDAR
31 BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, by Horace Sutton
33 THE FINE ARTS, by James Thrall Soby
43 KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 1010

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TRADE Winds

HAVE YOU BEEN in New York lately? If you have, you undoubtedly had the harrowing pleasure of seeing Maurice Evans play the villain in "Dial M for Murder," and this harrowing anecdote is for you.

It starts nearly four years ago in London when the author, Frederick Knott, outlined the plot to a British TV producer, received a go-ahead and a promise of $150, and wrote a

script for a twenty-three-minute show. Harrow No. 1: The TV company went bankrupt before they could read it.

For the next fifteen months Mr. Knott devoted himself to making a full-length play out of his script. Harrow No. 2: Four theatrical producers turned it down, and the stony-broke Mr. Knott returned to writing movies.

In 1952 some friends, Tony and Billie Strachan, insisted on showing his tattered Mss. to Michael Barry, head of BBC's Drama Hour. Mr. Barry promptly paid 150 pounds, or $420, to Mr. Knott, put it on, and the next morning the TV newspaper critics gave "Dial M" rave notices.

Harrow No. 3 came in the shape of a negative. Despite the raves, Mr. Knott's own literary agents refused to send the play around to any more producers. As a stage play, they said stonily, "Dial M" would flop so gruesomely that any possible film rights would be deader than the murdered fellow in the script. Smart strategy was to quit horsing around and grab off any old film deal, but quick. Soon enough Sir Alexander Korda made an offer of 1,000 pounds, or $2,800, for the screen rights. A clause in the contract specified that if the play ever *did* get into a theatre, it would fold the day the film was released. Obviously, with a lemon like "Dial M" on his hands, the agent advised Mr. Knott to brush this restrictive clause aside as pure technicality. Mr. Knott dutifully brushed.

Three weeks later a theatrical producer, James P. Sherwood, who had seen the play on TV, decided to plunge, and on June 19, 1952, it opened at London's Westminster Theatre. It was an overnight hit; this time it was Mr. Knott's agent who was harrowed.

That same spring Maurice Evans, the Shakespearian star, was in London making "Gilbert and Sullivan" for Alexander Korda. Reading "Dial M," Mr. Evans made an offer to Mr. Knott to take the play to New York and play the murderous lead. Harrow No. 4: Sir Alexander said nope. He would be starting the film any minute; even the London show would have to be withdrawn soon.

Enter the hero. Maurice Evans went to work on Korda, pleaded, cajoled, and in the end talked him into waiving the restrictive clause. "Dial M for Murder" opened in New York and was a smash; other companies have since played it in Paris, Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Melbourne, and the future itinerary is a yard long.

Sir Alexander's generosity has paid off. Recently he made himself a neat $147,200 profit on his deal by selling his screen rights in "Dial M" to Warner Brothers of H'wood for $150,000.

Harrow No. 5, 6, 7, 8, etc.: Of this $150,000, Frederick Knott will receive not even thruppence.

JOTS AND TITLES: Shirley Jackson's "Life Among the Savages," is about her four children and thus is some-

times as sinister and bloodcurdling as her famous short story "The Lottery." In September it will be sent out by the Family Reading Club, one of Doubleday's many children. A sixteen-page condensation of it was in the July *Reader's Digest*, and three chapters had already appeared separately in *Harper's*. After the book stores gobbled up a first printing of 7,500 copies 5,000 more Savages were rushed to press.

"Hope for the Troubled," by Lucy Freeman, is not a personal story, as

ECONOMIC SOLILOQUIES

VACATIONING was once pastoral, uncomplicated and relaxing, but it has gradually developed into one of civilization's most arduous pursuits. Having just survived another of these annual endurance contests, we speak with some feeling and authority on the subject.

As usual, we did almost nothing we intended to do and were regularly high-pressured into strange ventures which seemed like a good idea at the time but which relentlessly took their toll of energy and pocketbook.

In competing with millions of other Displaced Persons for the alleged accommodations at sundry Bide-A-Wees, the race is only to the shrewd or the very well-heeled. After twenty chastening years, bankers are no longer either.

To be disagreeably factual, a vacation can best be described as a chaotic interlude of voluntary frustration sandwiched in between six months of anticipation and six weeks of recuperation.

UNFETTERED by the daily time-clock, we sleep too much or too little, eat too much or too little, exercise too much or too little and, in general, comport ourselves in a manner calculated to do more physical damage in a few days than can ever be repaired short of a sanitarium, or another vacation.

Yet, vacations do serve a purpose of sorts. First and foremost, they make us appreciate Home (sweet or otherwise) like nothing else could. Second, after a typical vacation, one's regular work schedule seems like mere child's play. Third, vacations help restore perspective; it definitely deflates the ego to find that one's office, and the world as a whole, still stagger along about the same — without our guidance.

Finally, vacations provide seemingly endless material for conversations, house organs and spaces like this. (Note: *The views expressed herein are purely those of a refugee from a California vacation, and obviously do not apply to Arizona where even ordinary living resembles vacationing at its best.)*

★ ★ ★ ★

THE FOREGOING is an "editorial" from the monthly business bulletin of Arizona's statewide **VALLEY NATIONAL BANK.** Author editor is Vice President H. A. Leggett, the bank's economist. If you would like to be placed on his mailing list, Write Special Services Dept., Drawer 71, Phoenix, Ariz.

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was "Fight Against Fears," that forthright account of the author's own psychoanalysis. This new book is a guide to the various avenues of help open to the emotionally disturbed. Recently published by Crown, its initial printing was 8,000, but if history is to repeat itself, that's only the first drop in a capacious bucket.

"Fight Against Fears" appeared two years ago and, in round figures, sold 27,000 copies. The Book Find Club selected it and distributed 25,000 more. Early this year it appeared as a Pocket Book Cardinal, and has already sold 206,000. (Figures still round.) What a lot of troubled people there are in the U. S.!

GOOD OLD FILIBUSTER! In the closing minutes of the spring session in the Texas House of Representatives a filibuster defeated a "lewd book" bill, to which was tacked on another bill, previously approved by the State Committee on Education. This one would have prohibited Texas Schools from using or even keeping not only books considered subversive for the usual reasons, but also any book which seeks to "discredit the family as a proper unit in raising or training children" . . . or . . . "unjustly or unfairly holds up to public contempt . . . American or Texas history."

"A CONTAINING PHRASE," in the lingo of censorship, makes anti-censorship people see red for fair. It means "a book containing obscene language" and can get books banned far more handily than if the total effect of the book had to be considered. With such a phrase, for instance, Boston had no trouble banning about seventy books, back in 1927 and 1928, including works by Dos Passos, Hemingway, and a dozen other well-knowns. Apropos of that time, Edward A. Weeks, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* tells about lunching with a lady lawmaker from Gloucester to discuss a change in the law. She told him that her sister, after reading one of the season's new books, had picked it up with firetongs and dropped it into the fire.

The book was Stephen Vincent Benét's "John Brown's Body."

RISK PUBLISHING on a large scale is comparatively rare, at least when the risk is all on "one title." Random House took a flier in the grand manner six years ago when it invested over half a million or so in its "American College Dictionary," and events have proved that bit of risk capital well risked indeed. Now comes another venturesome piece of publishing, this time from Viking Press. It too is a behemoth of a gamble, but for the life of me I cannot see how the

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response could be determined too.

The "Columbia-Viking Desk Encyclopedia" is the "one title," and behind that small hyphen lies the big story. About five years ago Viking's production manager, Milton Glick, spoke up about a small obsession he'd been living with: To publish, and sell for $10 or less, a first-rate encyclopedia in one volume. That his colleagues thought the man was a dreamer, a visionary, or just plain nuts may be assumed as a general principle, but Harold K. Guinzburg and the rest of them all agreed it was worth looking into. What they looked into, and at, for the next couple of years, was the six-million-word, 2,203-page "Columbia Encyclopedia," published first in 1935 by the Columbia University Press and currently selling for $28.50.

By 1950 the looking into, the conferring, the figuring of costs, and all the other anguishes were completed, and a contract was signed between the two Presses. With Dr. William Bridgwater as editor-in-chief, the "Encyclopedia" staff began the enormous job of eliminating expendable topics and condensing the rest. The result, to appear on October 15, is a handsome volume the size of any good desk dictionary, 1,104 pages long, with the original six million words boiled down to 1,250,000. It will sell at $7.95—though if you order it before publication you can knock off a dollar. A thumb-index edition will sell at $8.95, with the same dollar saved by early birds.

The new Columbia-Viking is no dehydrated bunch of listings either. Verbiage is gone, but neither pith nor clarity nor flavor; there are 31,000 separate articles, and many pages of illustrations and maps. Before the task was completed everybody at Columbia Press and at Viking got involved up to the ears, but the Viking editor who went in *over* his ears was Marshall A. Best. It was he who took it upon himself to read every word of every paragraph of every one of the 1,104 pages. The copy was prepared on slips, and Mr. Best, working only in his so-called spare time, set himself a slight standard of 200 slips per hour. This minor task consumed Mr. Best's full supply of aspirin and eyedrops, but he insists that it was a highly rewarding editing experience.

As in all publishing contracts, royalty payments go to the author, in this case to a University Press. Cheer up, Author, things look real good. Advance orders are approaching the 100,000 mark already, and 160,000 copies of your book are on press. Going to buy a farm in Bucks County?

—Laura Z. Hobson.

So Far, So Good?

About a month ago we published a book which seemed to us of substantial and timely importance. We had no expectation of making a fortune out of it. The advance sale was small and except for the fact that it was intensely readable, there was nothing to indicate that the book could become anything like a best-seller. On that score we were correct. It has not become a best-seller. But it is pleasant to report that every major reviewer saw in

Truth Is Our Weapon

the same virtues we claimed for it. One of the most solid rewards of publishing is the kind of reviews Edward W. Barrett's book has been getting. In case you have missed some of them, we submit a sampling of what has been said about the book because we hope you will decide to read it and because we think it is important that you do so.

"TRUTH IS OUR WEAPON is a cogent, hopeful, and practical-minded book. It provides a summary, readable and intelligent, of the American experience in psychological warfare, and it outlines with clarity both the possibilities and the risks in the days ahead."

—Arthur Schlesinger Jr. in the *Saturday Review*

"A new and very valuable book."

—Walter Millis in the *New York Herald Tribune*

". . . not only the soundest book in its field; it is also an extraordinarily exciting book . . . which anyone even faintly interested in the struggle with Communism will not want to miss."

—John Fischer, author of Master Plan, U.S.A.

"Mr. Barrett has done well to tell his story."

—Senator Paul H. Douglas in the *New York Times*

"Thoughtful Americans who have been concerned with the problems of propaganda will find Mr. Barrett's book packed with information and good sense. It should certainly be required reading for Congressmen, and perhaps for the voters of Wisconsin."

—Margaret Parton in the *New York Herald Tribune*

". . . a useful and important book. It proves the need of a strong Voice of America. How else can we fight the lies?"

—Herbert Bayard Swope

"I think it appropriate to call attention of the Congress to a new book . . . TRUTH IS OUR WEAPON. I have just read a preedition copy of this book and can recommend it as factual, thoughtful, and informative."

—Congressman Tom Steed in the *Congressional Record* of June 3, 1953

"May I most heartily commend to your attention TRUTH IS OUR WEAPON, by Mr. Barrett."

—Walter White

"I only wish it could be read by a great many people, who might then understand both how important are our propaganda efforts, and how difficult."

—Bruce Gould, Editor, *Ladies' Home Journal*

"I like the way the book avoids sixty-four dollar words and tells the story in such a manner the people of our country can understand what it's all about . . . tremendously enjoyable reading."

—Justin Miller, Chairman of the Board, National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters

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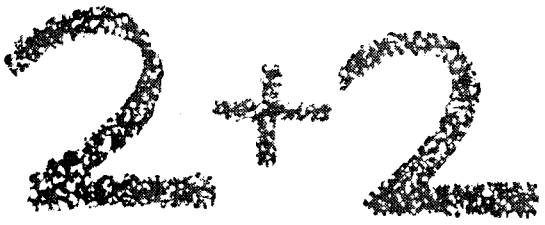
It is difficult to write a definition of the American way. But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:



is less than enough

Forty years ago a fellow who could do a little "figuring" could get by. But that simple old world has complicated itself so rapidly that the same fellow today would be mathematically illiterate.

As a nation, we're not quite illiterate in mathematics—but we're not in good shape either.

For some reason, our youngsters have been shying away from math in junior high school and in high school. The United States Office of Education reports that only 20 per cent of high-school students are taking mathematics.

But research is the pioneer land of America's future, and mathematics is the road map of research. If something isn't done soon, our country may find itself feeling its way blindly through a supersonic, atomic miracle age, mathematically unarmed for either peace or war.

Teachers, business leaders, military men got pretty alarmed about this loss of mathematical brains. And so, frankly, did General Electric.

Recently we did something about it. We printed a booklet for boys and girls in junior and senior high school called "Why Study Math?" It points out the advantage of getting your math young, proves that you can learn math even though you're not a "genius," demonstrates that math is valuable although a youngster may not intend to become a scientist.

We printed half a million of these booklets here in Schenectady, turned our back for a couple of months, and found that the whole 500,000 were gone. Now we're rushing a second half million for school opening in the fall.

Meanwhile the author of "Why Study Math?" is working on a sequel, "Math at General Electric," which explains how mathematics is used at General Electric in 22 different kinds of jobs.

General Electric is interested in helping America's young brains think their way toward successful careers. We don't expect to sell a single turbine or lamp with these two booklets. But perhaps we may help light up the road for a boy who, without mathematics, might miss his fair chance to be an Edison or a Steinmetz.

You can put your confidence in—

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The Saturday Review

AUGUST 1, 1953

OUR THREE-STORY HERITAGE

By EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

Edgar Ansel Mowrer presents the case for a wider definition of Americanism, one which takes into account our deep-rooted heritage from other lands and cultures. Mr. Mowrer's dispatches from Germany in the early Thirties earned him a Pulitzer Prize. His latest book is "Challenge and Decision: A Program for America."

MOST Americans now agree that our primary problem is adapting ourselves to our new role as the potential leader of two-thirds of mankind. Some people at home and abroad think that we are handicapped for this job by our very nature. I believe that this is a mistake. Closer scrutiny of our nature will, I am persuaded, show that of all the earth's peoples we may be the most fitted for such a role.

To convince himself, I suggest that each U.S. citizen who tends to balk at the prospect of world-wide responsibility stop and slowly repeat the following litany:

"I have a three-story heritage.

"As an American I have a share in a democratic, powerful, and prosperous new country.

"As a Westerner I participate by right in all Occidental civilization.

"As a human being I can claim as mine everything men and women have been or done since Adam.

"These three legacies are equally mine—and they belong to all other Americans. Which one of them we choose to develop and put forward at a given time depends exclusively upon us."

Around the world Americans have a reputation as boasters. We calmly call our country "God's country" and "the queen of the earth." It sounds conceited. Yet no apology is needed. Every people feels the same way about itself. What distinguishes Americans from most other nations is not an assumption of superiority but a consciousness of uniqueness.

Some contest the validity of this claim. Chancellor Kent, back at the New York Convention of 1821, asked rhetorically: "And dare we flatter ourselves that we are a peculiar people?" To which the majority everywhere, including some who attribute our material success to pure luck, have answered: "Yes, America is something new in the world."

Most U.S. citizens have taken this peculiarity for granted and been glad of it. We have without hesitation accepted Lord Acton's opinion, namely, that the American Revolution "lifted the world out of its orbit and assigned a new course of history." Or as Herbert Hoover put it later: "Through three hundred years America had developed something new in a way of life which transcended all others of history."

A unique country clearly calls for a unique destiny. Therefore, the still half-European Founding Fathers felt instinctively that the "new course of history" required protection from

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outside influences, particularly from Europe, the place from which almost all the earliest Americans had come. This need explains George Washington's warning against permanent alliances. It lay behind the stringent Logan Act of 1798 condemning any American collusion with foreigners for the purpose of changing U.S. foreign policy. It suggested the Monroe Doctrine warning Europeans to keep out of the Americas. It has fathered the various Immigration Acts. It accounts for what some foreigners call the "hysteria" of our current attacks on "un-American Activities," from Representative Martin Dies to Senator Pat McCarran, and for the frenzied nationalism of Colonel Robert McCormick. It has induced our teachers consciously to direct the eyes of American children away from the past and toward the future (unlike teachers elsewhere).

WHETHER all the steps we have taken to preserve our uniqueness were entirely wise is open to argument. Certainly they have served the desired purpose of protecting a distinct development. Without them the United States might have become just another outpost of European society. Instead, in 1953, despite immigration on a giant scale, hyphenism in the United States is almost extinct. Today's U.S. citizen abroad is as easily identifiable as the product of a country with a thousand years of history. The more he travels the more American he feels himself to be.

Our present situation as a nation is, however, revealing that historical uniqueness has its drawbacks. We are beginning to realize the price we have paid for particularity among peoples. During the last two generations, while we have been deliberately turning our elementary schools into melting pots for the making of U.S. citizens, the development of modern communication and transportation, along with our phenomenal growth in population, wealth, and power, has willy-nilly plunged us back into the world from which our ancestors kept aloof.

No individual and no nation can with impunity blot out the past. Each is a combination of past, present, and future, of memory, consciousness, and aspiration. As the reluctant but indispensable leader of an international coalition, first against Hitler and now the Kremlin, we find ourselves a little in the position of a mighty tree with spreading boughs and no roots. We do not inspire confidence in peoples whose roots are their chief pride. Because we have chosen to ignore our pre-American past and stress our American present, we seem to our allies to be lacking in "true education." They cannot forgive us for our alleged "contempt for tradition"; our lack of respect for rank, our unconventional manners; and—above all—for our exasperating habit of acting everywhere as though we owned the place.

Unquestionably, some of their criticism is well founded. American officials ignorant of their ancestors' history before Columbus (and of that of other peoples at any time) are not qualified to understand other officials, hence cannot persuade them easily. Businessmen from the United States, despite their superior industrial know-how, receive scant respect once they reveal their provincial lack of curiosity about history, pure science, literature, philosophy, or art. Their further insistence upon living abroad as lavishly and in the same way as they live at home excites anger mixed with envy but little admiration.

Naive American G.I.'s who assume that what the United States has not done (or helped do) has not really happened find it difficult to trade ideas with Englishmen proudly tracing their ancestry back to Hengis and Horsa or with Frenchmen mindful of King Clovis. A Kansas boy raised to agree with Henry Ford that "history is bunk" finds himself unable to explain why he has to defend democracy in Korea or to get along with Greeks who claim to have invented democracy (just imagine!).

However natural our pragmatic approach, the fact is that it bewilders and displeases our allies to the point when some of them consider us as little better than the "Russian barbarians" we are opposing.

DOUBTLESS we have a choice among several alternatives. We can decide—in the teeth of our national experience since 1914—to go on just as we have been going. This might mean further stressing the development of "Americanism." It might lead us to elect an isolationist to the Presidency (if we can still find one); to pull in our horns like a snail; to ruffle our spines and roll up like porcupines; and, finally, to wash our hands of the rest of the world, as a Roman procurator once did in Judea. If we do these things, we shall presumably, after a long slumber, wake up about 1960 to find a Russian giant with an H-bomb towering over us and hear a stern voice say: "Now, you, submit or else!"

Or again, standing pat upon our power and (diminishing) self-sufficiency, we may tell other peoples—allies, potential allies, and neutrals alike—that they can take us as we are or do without us! This will make us no friends. If it keeps any allies, the latter will leap at the first deceptive sign of a change of heart in the Kremlin to part company with the United States. Our chances of achieving a stable world order will be microscopic.

Or finally, we can remember that, proudly American as we are, we are also more than American. Then we shall reach down into the two "lower stories" of our inheritance and find there, neglected but imperishable, our legacy of Occidental civilization and basic humanity. For these are just as much ours as any specifically American traits developed on this continent since 1607!

I am not exaggerating. Even by blood, most Americans can claim everything that happened to the Occident before Columbus as personal history.

Yet the claims of blood (if they exist at all) are weak compared with those of a common civilization. The United States of 1953 is still overwhelmingly the embodiment of cultural patterns and basic conceptions conceived in Greece and Judea, spiritualized by Christianity, legalized by Rome, etc., etc. We are politically descendants of Charlemagne and Cromwell; spiritually of Moses, St. Patrick, and Calvin; scientifically of Galileo, Copernicus, and Newton; artistically of Phidias, Giotto, and Rembrandt; philosophically of Plato,

(*Continued on page* 40)

Cessation

By Harold Vinal

THE lynx and jeweled lizard watch,
The leopard and the vulture wait;
The sulking sentry's flaming torch
Burns out before the palace gate.

The moat is still, the curling swan
Is white upon the sleeping tide,
Signal to signal what shall warn
The lion and his sleeping bride?

Jungle and jaguar are one,
The stars blink on, the moon is cold
Midnight is black oblivion,
Egypt and all the world is old.

It is the same as once in Greece
When young Ulysses climbed the mast,
The world, the world is sick for peace,
Wars and their rumors have not passed.

When will sweet peace at length presage
The battle done, the fighting over,
And lost tranquility assuage
The mistress and her soldier lover?

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Mild and Learned Indolence

Desmond MacCarthy's "Memories" *(Oxford. 223 pp. $3.50), despite its name, is not an autobiography, but a posthumous collection of informal essays by a man who, as critic for the* London Sunday Times, *became one of Britain's best-loved and most widely admired littérateurs. Mr. Scott, who reviews it here, is the onetime book-review editor for the* Providence Journal.

By W. T. Scott

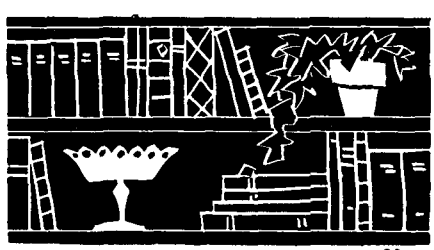
FROM my own experience I should suppose the name of the late Sir Desmond MacCarthy is at best gently known among American readers: a name one frequently saw in British book advertisements or on the jackets of British books—recommending, over many years, what seemed in fact to be the better wares among current literature in his country; a name which appears here and there in the journals or memoirs of such writers as Arnold Bennett, Frank Swinnerton, and Sir Edward Marsh.

This, evidently, was a man occupied lifelong with the mortal business of book reviewing. He died a year or so ago at the age of seventy-six, after a half century as literary critic, in his later life for the *London Sunday Times*, earlier for the *New Statesman*. He knew everybody from the Bloomsbury set to littérateurs whom the friends of Virginia Woolf thought Philistines. Whenever MacCarthy's name does appear in memoirs it is always surrounded by an affectionate, admiring regard: a tone repeated in the two prefaces, by Raymond Mortimer and Cyril Connolly, to this posthumous selection of twenty-eight of his essays.

MacCarthy was a gentle, lazy, productive, clever, entertaining, disappointed, bookish person who inspired great fondness—and, also, MacCarthy had always a great respect for high standards in writing. However, he had to spread himself through numberless "pieces" over the years, he strove always to write well and to keep his admiration clean for what was really valuable in the field he loved. Thus, as the present collection illustrates, it was *like* MacCarthy to defend Tennyson against what MacCarthy felt to be a certain snobbism in W. H. Auden's treatment of him; it was also *like* MacCarthy to observe quietly at the time of John Galsworthy's death that Galsworthy "was a very good writer of the second class who had the renown of a master, a genius, an artist. . . . Galsworthy drew propertied Englishmen not as they are, but as they can stand seeing themselves at moments when they are prepared to admit, with a humility which hardly perturbs them, that they certainly have grave faults."

MacCarthy, in other words, is not to be pigeonholed with the mere enthusiasts of reviewing. He was no William Lyon Phelps or Alexander Woollcott: he was in literature a lover, not a flirt. And though it is evident from these essays that in the short story he most admired the anecdote, in poetry the lyric tradition, and in the novel the sort of thing Arnold Bennett wrote, in the essay the sort of thing Logan Pearsall Smith and Max Beerbohm perfected, nonetheless MacCarthy is not to be pigeonholed, either, as a mere conservative. His article on James Joyce does indeed deplore Joyce's increasing obsession with complexities of word play—"in the beginning there was life, in the end only 'the word'," MacCarthy remarks in a typically witty condensation—but he admires the "extraordinary and original" power of "Ulysses."

ONE feels a great deal of wit and wisdom in the man: a man not gifted to write in new ways but able to pursue the genteel tradition of criticism with freshness. He had an open mind but not a sloppy one. He was an eclectic, with an education and instinct for the genuine thing. He loved Trollope's novels and he also had a stimulating time assisting Roger Fry in arranging the great Post-Impressionist show of 1910. And one of the latest passages in this book is an appreciation of James Thurber's drawings. "Surely," he says, "we are all gifted with a happy natural inconsistency of taste?"



He says many very good things: "Wells showed us things worth seeing because he was so *personal*; but Bennett showed them so well because he forgot himself."

"A biographer is an artist who is on oath, and anyone who knows anything about artists knows that that is almost a contradiction in terms."

On Somerset Maugham as writer: "A very unusual sensibility instantly defended by an unamiable self-protective impulse, which in its turn is corrected by a more just response."

On Leslie Stephen: "A famous definition might be modified to fit him: Criticism is the adventures of the soul of Cambridge among masterpieces."

In the Tennyson piece occasioned by Auden's selection of Tennyson, MacCarthy makes some differences, and intelligent ones, with Auden's choices; but over Auden's preface to the book MacCarthy gets really riled, loses his temper, and takes a nasty dig at Auden's expatriatism and, for the matter of that, Auden's poetry and career. Actually, MacCarthy did not read the preface carefully; for though he maintains Auden summarizes Tennyson's productive 1830's as a decade of smoking and drinking, he quotes the passage which says in so many words, "But at this time he was writing, and in 1842 'Poems' appeared." Writing poetry, smoking, and drinking are not necessarily incompatible ambitions.

The collection of papers is deceptively named. How one wishes Sir Desmond MacCarthy had written his memoirs! But he did not, apparently, and these "Memories" are in fact only now and then touched with a personal reminiscence. Like his few other books, this is a compilation of literary essays. There are rich moments. Trollope's widow was pathetically amazed that MacCarthy or any of the newer generation would want to read her husband's novels. Hardy, bicycling with MacCarthy, said of "Tess" that "if I had thought that story was going to be such a success I'd have made it a *really good book*." Henry James, inquiring, was told that the "long" undergraduate at the breakfast table was named Rupert Brooke, whose poetry, MacCarthy added, was not good: "Well, I must say," James replied, "I am *relieved*, for with *that* appearance, if he had also talent it would be too unfair." Later, MacCarthy recalls, "the novelist was punted by the poet through the Backs, and I afterwards asked Rupert what Henry James talked about. 'He gave me advice; he told me not to be afraid of being happy'."

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The Article Is King

"Best Articles 1953," selected by Rudolf Flesch *(Hermitage House. 349 pp. $3.50), is the first attempt at an annual anthology of the most widely-read form of non-fiction, the magazine article. Mr. Pollock, who reviews it below, is himself a successful practitioner of the craft.*

By Jack Harrison Pollock

THE "best" of nearly everything is grist for the anthologist's till. So why not the article—today's most widely-read type of non-fiction? King Article, in fact, has dethroned Queen Fiction in America's magazines.

Rudolf Flesch, the readability expert, says: "The time has come to welcome the article to the family of literature." Therefore, he has selected twenty-five examples of what he arbitrarily and self-consciously calls the "most memorable articles of the year" for an anthology called "Best Articles 1953." But as good a case could be made for any other twenty-five selected at random by anthologist Flesch—or anyone else.

Dr. Flesch admits that the burgeoning article has "as yet no body of criticism, no set of standards." He offers none except that (1) the article, unlike its elder brother, the essay, "provides information"; (2) he doesn't like "hack journalism" containing such sentences as "The Iowa-born six-footer is married to a petite brunette." Thus, no plain-talking article writer who tosses off such a sentence, however readable, is included in Dr. Readability's treasury. "An enormous number of articles was weeded out by this simple test," confides Dr. Flesch, who has chosen what he calls more "memorable" articles.

Despite their variety, they are more literary than popular, but hardly distinguished. Five are from *Harper's*, two each from *The Saturday Evening Post, Collier's,* and *The New York Times Magazine.* They start with a profile of the uninterviewable Garbo (*Collier's*) and end with a sister's memory of Thomas Wolfe's last days (*Commentary*). Sandwiched in between are articles ranging from what the ecstatic publishers hail as the greatest contribution to literary criticism since Hazlitt (*Partisan Review*) to a report on a historical hoax about the President's bathtub (*Saturday Evening Post*).

There are also articles on jazz, beer-drinking, football, marriage, music, car-driving, employment, graft, cancer, a brain operation, Beverly Hills, Americanization, Florence, Italy, and Austria's Zillertal Man. Some of the selections are so unmistakably mediocre that one wonders if factors other than merit prompted their inclusion. One fifth of the anthology is about "people" but several dozen profiles published last year in *The New Yorker* and elsewhere had as lofty a quality as any in this collection.

A great simplifier, Dr. Flesch divides his book into these five sections: People, How to Live, Sharp Focus, Perspective, and Of Human Spirit. Yet the modern article, with its many categories and off-trail subjects, covers far more territory.

To get his annointed twenty-five, Dr. Flesch reports that he examined 6,000 articles in seventy-five magazines. But one questions how skilfully he did so because there are some strange omissions. Only a bare half-dozen of his twenty-five authors are recognizable full-time professional article writers. Most are occasional sellers of articles or book authors now turning to lucrative article-writing because of "economic necessity."

Conspicuously missing from the Flesch anthology (and even from his appendix of "other memorable articles") is the work of such leading article writers as Howard Whitman, John Kobler, J. D. Ratcliff, Stanley Frank, Lester Velie, John Bartlow Martin, Morton Sontheimer, Clive Howard, Murray Teigh Bloom, Jean Libman Block, Donald Robinson, Phil Gustafson, Caroline Bird, Donald G. Cooley, Dickson Hartwell, Mort Weisinger, Eleanor Harris, Tom Mahoney, Booten Herndon, Collie Small, John Kord Lagemann, Llewellyn Miller, Richard Tregaskis, Ray Josephs, Lawrence Lader, James Poling, Morton Hunt, Jhan Robbins, A. E. Hotchner, Irwin Ross, Ralph Bass, Beatrice Schapper, Amelia Lobsenz, Robert Deindorfer, Andre Fontaine, Myron Stearns, Craig Thompson, Robert Froman, and Selwyn James.

Such free lancers, together with top staff writers, through indefatigable leg and brain work, consistently turn out the articles which largely sell today's mass-circulation magazines. If they aren't writing the "best" articles today they are certainly fashioning the most influential ones. Perhaps picking only twenty-five was too self-limiting for Dr. Flesch.

IT'S ALSO strange that not one of Dr. Flesch's "twenty-five best" or any listed in his appendix won a prize (Lasker, Westinghouse, Sigma Delta Chi, Education Writers, or any other award). This may mean nothing more than that other judges of articles did not agree with Dr. Flesch's judgment.

His title is misleading, too. Merely one of Dr. Flesch's selections was published in 1953. Most were printed in 1952 and Dr. Flesch even reaches back to 1951. Since he did so, he rightfully should have included the two outstanding articles of 1951 whose influence is still felt in the educational and military worlds: (1) Arthur Morse's hard-hitting *McCall's* article "Who's Trying to Ruin Our Schools?" and (2) Mike Stern's *True* expose of the two G.I.s who reputedly murdered OSS Major Holohan. But Dr. Flesch underestimates the significance of the expose, shocker, or public-service type of article. Though its character has subtly changed since Lincoln Steffens's day because of the advertising department's long arm, it still remains an important part of the American magazine.

And with it all, today's article writer remains in the background. The idea—not he—is paramount. Indeed, today's article writers—like the storytellers of old—are an anonymous lot. There are only 158,000,000 of them in the United States. "I run into people all over America who ask me if I read such-and-such an article," one top article writer told me recently. "I have to tell them I not only read it but wrote it!" Another philosophic article writer sighs, "The only persons who remember my name are *other* article writers and my relatives!"

If Dr. Flesch's article anthology is to be an annual event—as his publishers hope—then he will have to ring a clearer bell next time. At least, he is candid in his introduction: "What, then, makes for a good magazine article? Frankly, I don't know."

Which reminds me of one editor's definition of his profession: "An editor is a man who knows precisely what he wants—but isn't quite sure!"

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Stages of the Big

"New World Writing: Third Mentor Selection" *(New American Library. 360 pp. Paperbound. 50¢) is the latest number in a periodical miscellany of poetry, fiction, drama, and criticism.*

By Robert Halsband

NEW and to some extent fresh poetry, fiction, drama, and criticism appear again in the third Mentor Selection of "New World Writing." Its highest level, however, lies in its poetry, chosen for this issue by John Malcolm Brinnin, especially in the work of two of the Sitwells (Edith and Sacheverell), Patrick Boland, Howard Moss, and Harry Duncan—all of them aware of the marriage between sound and sense. But what is distinctive about all the poems is that they seem to have been chosen by a particular and tasteful editor. The fiction and criticism, however, are a grab-bag in which has been dropped almost anything—from fresh pieces that bristle with life to dead, graceless exercises in prose.

Not that the book contains no good stories; there are half a dozen, to be exact. The Spaniard José Suárez Carreno and the Italian Alberto Moravia tell their sordid tales by means of a close-grained realism that we see in the best French and Italian films. A short anecdotal sketch by John Howard Griffin shows that a neat plot does not invalidate a short story if its characters behave like human beings and its creator projects a genuine sensibility. Peggy Bennett's "The Bronco-Buster" employs still another technique—that of a grotesque concreteness with symbolic resonance. And advancing further beyond the border of realism, R. S. Niedelman's "Alex's Fun: Well Boiled" and M. R. Kadish's "Anthem for French Horn" tell their macabre stories with a firmly controlled fantasy.

The other fiction is disappointing—for either of two reasons. Sections from new novels of Ignazio Silone, Malcolm Lowry, and Dylan Thomas are so brief that they succeed only in teasing the reader. Silone's fragment recalls his "Fontamara," but without indicating the change he has undergone in the intervening twenty years. Lowry's piece about a young American in Rome is a literary collage that arrives at exactly nowhere. And the instalment from Thomas's novel lacks the fresh surprise of his previous sample. The shortcomings of these pieces result from their shortness. But David Dempsey's story of adolescent love, halfway between the slicks and the radio serials, Louis Auchincloss's superficial sketch of American decadents in Venice, and Evan S. Connell, Jr.'s corny, pseudo-philosophical sketch—one wonders why they appear here at all.

The critical pieces also are a mixed lot; three have something to say. Margaret Mead's article on sex and censorship contains several acute and original ideas, unfortunately buried under a gabby style. Jay Leyda's "Miss Emily's Maggie" documents the backstairs people of Emily Dickinson's house, and so helps illuminate its shadowy poet. And Albert J. Guerard's "The Ivory Tower and the Dust Bowl" answers the weekly pundits who scold modern novelists for not devoting themselves to the good and the beautiful.

To round out the variety of selections there is a verse play by Richard Eberhart, "The Visionary Farms." It is a modern morality play, set in the secular framework of our business society, and dealing with ethical instead of religious concepts. Intended to be played on the stage, it may be effective theatrically; in print it seems flat and verbose.

With its third number, then, this series retreats from its previous high level. One wonders why: a drying-up of available material or a relaxation on the part of its editors? Or is the fault a touch of summer jaundice in its present reviewer?

A Sprung Cleric

MODERN POET FROM VICTORIAN AGE: The poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins enjoys a glowing reputation among critics, by whom his writing as well as his poetic theories have been thoroughly explored. He has been called a major poet by one of his recent critics, which is high praise for one who produced as little as he did. His letters and journals, published though out of print, have extended the corpus of his work and enlarged his reputation as well. Now John Pick in his **"A Hopkins Reader"** (Oxford, $4.50) has brought together his most representative work. After a compact, sensible introduction Mr. Pick gives us Hopkins's best poems, thirty-three of them, including "The Wreck of the Deutschland," the longest, and "The Windhover," the most popular (and controversial). Then we have extracts from his journals, including sensitive drawings which exhibit his intense observation of nature, and several of his sermons and addresses. (He was only a part-time poet; most of his time and energy went into his work as a Jesuit.) Of his many letters we have several groups here dealing with poetic theory, practical criticism, the other arts (mainly painting and music), personal matters, and religion. For some of these the editor's annotations are insufficient.

—R. H.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MIND OVER MATTER

Here are fifteen comments on the mind taken from the works of famous poets. Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to match each quotation with its author. Eight correct tie-ups mean you are average, ten show you are intelligent, and twelve or better make you an intellectual. Answers on page 17.

1. Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind.	( )	Byron
2. Years steal fire from the mind.	( )	Brooke
3. My mind to me a kingdom is.	( )	Cowper
4. Few use the grand prerogative of mind.	( )	Dyer
5. Minds that have nothing to confer Find little to perceive.	( )	Goldsmith
6. And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.	( )	Gray
7. The noblest mind the best contentment has.	( )	Howitt
8. The mind's the standard of the man.	( )	Keats
9. Man's mind a mirror is of heavenly sights.	( )	Milton
10. A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.	( )	Pope
11. The sweet converse of an innocent mind.	( )	Southwell
12. And out of mind as soon as out of sight.	( )	Spenser
13. Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind, And joy of weary hours.	( )	Taylor
14. Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.	( )	Watts
15. The mind is its own place, and in itself Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.	( )	Wordsworth

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Octopus, Elysium, or Target?

"The City," by Julius Horwitz *(World Publishing Co. 219 pp. $3) and* ***"Love Is a Lonely Thing," by Florence Jane Soman*** *(Random House. 307 pp. $3) are two new attempts to capture on paper the elusive, baffling, contradictory essence of New York City.*

By James Kelly

HOW DO you see New York? How do you see an ocean or a California redwood? The form is hidden by bigness. Stand off from it and New York appears in Cézanne's broad strokes, each one a clue to essence. Come closer and you are startled to find that the painter is Seurat and that those broad strokes are really isolated pinpoints of color vibrating together. Then you begin to realize that the City, for all its rocketing buildings and tumultuous humanity, exists only as a mirror for your state of mind. Fragmented and various, its boundaries and meanings are limited only by the eyes, ears, nose, and understanding of the individual who comes in contact with it. Broad view or narrow, it's a subjective personal experience for native, for commuter, and for the moth-like millions of old, young, restless, empty, gifted, thrilled people who fly hopefully toward the brightest light.

Eight million people and 650 miles of waterfront behind that outward-facing statue in the harbor. Try to glimpse a little of it. A view of looming liners, bustling river traffic, and geometric skyline seen from the Weehawken Ferry or one of the East River bridges which visitors sigh over and commuters forget to notice. Subway faces, blank, troubled, bold, drawn with fatigue, some with intimations of intimacy. Secret faces at a cocktail party in Peter Cooper Village, livid ones over the martinis at a steak house in the East Forties. A too-thin model rounding the corner at 44th Street and Fifth Avenue. The terrible sound of a sanitation department truck grinding up garbage and tin cans in a narrow street. A hackie throwing an offhand curse at two men crossing Third Avenue against the light. Button-down collars in the grottoes of Grand Central. A rumpled figure lying humbly drunk or dead on a Sullivan Street curb and causing no more excitement than the trash-can beside it. Dogs galloping and sniffing on the wispy grass and cement expanses of Washington Square. A pale young couple holding hands on the steps at Lewisohn Stadium, the light bouncing off their thick, black-rimmed glasses. The fresh guy stretching malteds at a Whelan's fountain. Smart little clubs where two people always seem to be a purplish man with thinning hair and a blonde girl preening herself as she meets the eyes of people around the room.

Find a common denominator between the panhandler on West Eighth Street who needs a drink, a cup of coffee, or carfare back to Elizabeth, N. J., and Golden Boy lying in the Rockefeller Center fountain, surrounded by flowers, ice-skaters, tourists, and architecture and presiding over the world's greatest community of journalism, advertising, and mass communications. What's the connection between the pink man staring stolidly at Fifth Avenue through a University Club window and a Portuguese kid playing stickball in Hell's Kitchen? Or between an emaciated sixty-year-old woman with penciled eyebrows, beret, and tight skirt lurking in West 46th Street and the shapeless cleaning woman who every night dusts and mops the silent offices of a Madison Avenue advertising agency?

New York in the open and New York behind the closed doors of apartments, offices, nightclubs—a challenge for writers, painters, poets, musicians to capture it whole or to pin down some of its parts. Don Marquis, Franklin P. Adams, Alexander Woollcott, Stephen Vincent Benét, O. Henry, Ring Lardner, Scott Fitzgerald, Damon Runyon, and Meyer Berger are among gifted observers who have had a good try at it. But Prometheus-on-the-Hudson is too elusive, too sprawling, too vaguely defined for a direct hit, a Truth which Julius Horwitz and Florence Jane Soman demonstrate once more.

IN "THE CITY," a collection of six journalistic essays and thirteen stories about New York places and people, Mr. Horwitz is a visitor from Cleveland who covers the city exactly as if it were a museum. Full of wonderment, *weltschmerz,* and a reporter's curiosity, he gives us staccato impressions. From Sutton Place to the Village, from financial district to garment district, from Delancey Street to Toots Shor's, from Washington Market to Broadway, Horwitz records *exactly* what he sees. The characters of his stories desperately want a better apartment, better furniture, more security. Lonely, shut out, they cope with poverty, despair, psychoses, marital impasses.

In his sightseeing, Mr. Horwitz looked into few happy faces, saw little fulfilment. Despite his alert eye and ear, "The City" falls into a monotony of style and subject which is relieved only through the beating effect of small facts smashing home. Not much change of pace, mood, pattern in Mr. Horwitz's New York, and observation without enough interpretation can make 219 pages seem like a very long book. One wishes that the fine mood

—Reevs. —Bradford Bachrach.

Julius Horwitz and Florence Soman—"eight million people and 650 miles of waterfront."

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of two sisters confusedly searching for companionship, and "The Movers," superb study of a girl deserted by her husband, could have been sustained.

MISS Soman, like Mr. Horwitz, loves to look inside people's homes while walking on the street, loves to hear private conversations on a bus. As a native, she confirms his stoutly held opinion that New York is a pretty miasmic place, "a dream, then a breaking headache that makes you want to run toward open fields." "Love Is a Lonely Thing" deals with New Yorkers as the end-product of other environments. Taking familiar fictional figures (the beautiful business girl living alone in the Village, the panicky career woman, the aging but glamorous author, the young man-about-town), Miss Soman deposits them in the middle of a literary agent's cocktail party. Here she exposes their mismatched romances, their illusions about the meaning of success, their small-town origins. (Query: How many first novelists have been permanently hypnotized by the Marquand flashback?)

People in "The City" are as much one with the New York scene as a fire escape with bedding out to air. For them, there's neither time nor inclination for cocktail party yoicks. Mr. Horwitz treats them as part of an overshadowing background, figures napping uneasily in the shadow of the Sphinx. He pledges himself to beard the Minotaur on home grounds, no matter how much energy it costs. Miss Soman, by contrast, views the scene with detachment, always working as an impressionist in established classical patterns. For her, people are separate cameos, content to adorn an inherited situation. They earn a comfortable living, and their greatest struggles are interior emotional ones. One concludes finally that the issues between authors are wonderment *vs.* a kind of sophistication, Delancey Street viewpoint *vs.* upper East Side viewpoint.

What's significant about all this? Nothing if you accept the premise that a city, for all its tracery of cement and steel, is only as high as the person looking at it, with no objective reality of its own. When you are convinced that there are millions of New Yorks, only two of which are described above, you may decide to take a closer look at your own. In the meantime, it remains for the visitor from Cleveland to frame a key question: "How big do you have to be? How big do you have to be before they don't dare to knock you down—how big?"

Skimpole on the Grand Concourse

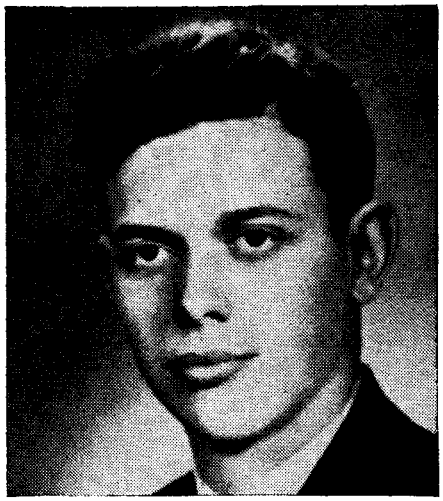
James Yaffe's "The Good-For-Nothing" *(Little, Brown. 249 pp. $3.50) is a satire about a young man of Manhattan who obstinately refuses to push for a place at the pedestal of that bitch-goddess, Success.*

By Max Wilk

THIS is the age of glorification of the successful man. On all sides, in magazines from *Fortune* to *The Reader's Digest*, on the pages of *The Wall Street Journal*, in our pre-, during- and after-dinner conversations, there is deification of the Man Who Is Worth a Cool (fill in your own figure). It matters little how he got there. The important fact, the issue that counts, is that he made the grade.

Thus, to take up James Yaffe's novel, "The Good-For-Nothing," and to discover enshrined in its pages an unsuccessful Leo Kramer, and the chronicle of the problems that he presents to his upper middle-class Manhattan relatives, is both piquant and heartwarming. Heartwarming if only because a novelist has chosen to pursue the story of a modern-day social misfit, a man who toils not, and cares less about spinning.

To the Kramers, and especially to his brother, Norman, Leo is incomprehensible. He has never sought or held a job with Prospects, and is perfectly willing to allow poor brother Norman to support him without worrying about any reciprocation. He is amoral enough to cheat at cards, and willing to marry a rich girl strictly for her money without suffering a single pang of conscience. In the bosom of his affluent, mercantile, American-Jewish family, Leo is a problem, a millstone around its collective neck, charming but unalterably a *no-goodnick*.



James Yaffe—"piquant and heartwarming."

In an effort to remove him from Norman's back, the rest of the Kramers hatch a plot, one easily as amoral as Leo's own behavior. They will marry him off to a rich young college girl named Brenda Goldhill, who has come to New York to escape being "stifled" in Omaha, Nebraska. Without Norman's knowledge, the trap is constructed. The meeting is effected. Leo's pursuit of Miss Goldhill begins. Right up to the culminating engagement party, a brilliantly written episode, it looks as if the marriage will take place. But Norman, who has paid this grotesque farce of a romance lip service by stifling his conscience and keeping still, can stand it no longer, and confronts the assembled guests with the truth. At the novel's end all has returned to normalcy. Leo is once again a man without a Future, Miss Goldhill is on her way back to suffocation in Omaha, and the Kramers have closed their noisy ranks. Family life goes on; Mr. Yaffe seems to imply that Leo's status as a well-dressed bum will be indefinite.

SUCH an abridged summary of the plot, slight as it is, does no justice to the brilliance of Mr. Yaffe's characterizations. He knows his people well, almost too well, for the sharp, incisive manner in which he has pinned their attitudes, their foibles, their social world to his pages, indicates that he at once dislikes and loves the Kramers and the comfortable world of materialistic values.

As a journal of modern-day city life among present-day Philistines, "The Good-For-Nothing" has its undisputed merits. Whether its audience will enjoy the self-dissection which it undergoes on these pages, a form of being undressed in public, depends on whether or not that audience is mature enough to laugh at itself.

In any case, it is plain that the author is sharpening his tools. Mr. Yaffe is only twenty-seven. Perhaps his next effort will achieve a more successful blend of story with satire. "The Good-For-Nothing" proves he is well worth waiting for.

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Colorado Cockney

"Westward the Sun," by Geoffrey Cotterell *(J. B. Lippincott. 287 pp. $3.50) records the impact of the American G. I. on the young womanhood of Britain, and follows one Cockney girl's progress to a paradise in Colorado.*

By Harrison Smith

TWO YEARS ago, through "Strait and Narrow," American readers were introduced to Geoffrey Cotterell, a young novelist who had a rare gift for bringing to life the authentic accents and the social perplexities of the English middle class. In his latest book, "Westward the Sun," he portrays with humor and affection a London family of cockneys, a complaining grandmother, a work-worn mother who loves to go to weddings of the elite, and two young daughters, all crowded together in an old house shattered by one of Hitler's buzz-bombs.

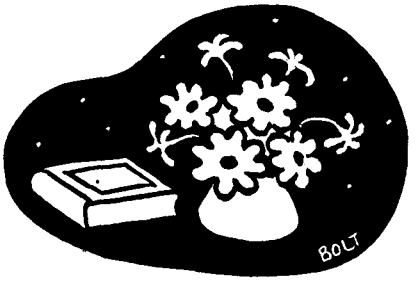
Mr. Cotterell's novel has a deeper aim than to record the woes and the diversions of the lower middle-class city dwellers plagued by rationing and an obdurate social system. To American readers his novel is doubly interesting, since it is concerned with the impact of American soldiers on the British people.

The story is told by Linda Ferrers, eighteen years old, pretty, discontented, and ambitious to escape from the shops and factories where she and her younger sister Ethel worked to help support their family. Linda also had to keep a sharp eye on Ethel and her young men. Both girls had seen too many romantic Hollywood movies. Linda would have married Syd, a stolid steamfitter whose only interest in life was building his muscles, if four American soldiers had not invaded the house after the bomb had knocked down most of the plaster. One of them was Private Mark Holman from Colorado, a quiet young man who eventually fell in love with her.

The Yanks drank, threw their money around, and went with bad girls. They couldn't distinguish between a lady or a gentleman and ordinary folks, and they swore and used shocking words like "sex." Mark was different; he wanted Linda to meet him in church, and he tried to tell her that there were no class distinctions in Colorado. Linda wasn't sure that she liked the idea, though she was in constant rebellion against her own training which had taught her she did not belong among people who were

Linda was always worrying and day-dreaming. She fell in love with the photograph of the soldier-son of a wealthy American woman who gave a party for American boys and their girls in her fine house; but when she finally met him, he drove her home and said goodbye and that was the end of that.

Finally, the war was over, but Private Holman kept on writing her, eventually from Sebastian, Colorado, which she conceived of as a village of shacks, cowboys, and rough lower-class individuals. He worked, he had told her, in a shop, and his constant reiteration that Americans came from Germany, Poland, England, Italy, and everywhere else got on her nerves. The reader may wonder just what young Holman, who managed for his



wealthy father a large mercantile establishment, saw in this sharp, uneasy girl. But he kept writing and cabling, "I love you," and finally she found herself on a steamer with her fare paid all the way to the Rocky Mountains.

The final chapter is extremely amusing: Linda's one night in New York, ending in her seemingly interminable flight to Colorado. The Atlantic had been wide enough, but it was only the familiar ocean. She had no conception of space on land; her horizon had been a few square miles, and her mind was filled with stories of abandoned war-brides and English girls who had wound up in a home in swamps or arid deserts inhabited by gangsters and brutal men.

Linda finally arrived in what seemed to her a kind of paradise, quite overwhelmed by Mark's effusive and affectionate relatives. At last it seemed to be true; no one cared or knew that her cockney voice betrayed her. She was a pretty girl, and it did not matter that she had come from a shabby London street.

It may be significant that British book reviewers have overwhelmed "Westward the Sun" with praise. In spite of Mr. Cotterell's humor and his vivid portraits of simple people hopelessly bound by class distinctions, his book may be read as an attack on a rigid system that Socialism has not brought to an end.

Madame Without Blood

"A Lady at Bay," by Edgar Maass *(translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Charles Scribner's Sons. 309 pp. $3.50) is a psychological historical novel—an attempt to probe the soul of one of the most evil women in history, Marie-Madeleine D'Aubray de Brinvilliers of Louis XIV's France.*

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

IT was not long ago that the reader of historical novels could count on being supplied with nothing more brain-taxing than readily predictable sword-play and a love affair that surmounted all difficulties to end happily on the last page.

Up to and including the time when Scott Fitzgerald wrote "This Side of Paradise," John Dos Passos "Three Soldiers," and Sinclair Lewis "Main Street" the book buyer who didn't want to trouble his head with life of Princeton undergraduates, the disillusionment of American soldiers, or the problems of a lady "egghead" in Sauk Center could safely turn to Sabatini, Farnol, and William J. Locke and their gay and animated books.

This is no longer the case. The historical novel, like so many other things, has gone serious on us. (Even then there were exceptions. "Kristin Lavransdatter" was published in 1922. But I am talking of a trend.) Though there is still plenty of trash, though the costume romance and the cloak-and-dagger tale still flourish, the historical novelist has become a historian. Aiming to be accurate, his object is not merely to tell a good story but to bring the past to life.

By the same token, the field of his operations has been greatly widened. If you consider the past as the present, obviously you can have a realistic historical novel, an ironic historical novel, or a human comedy.

You can also have a psychological historical novel. Such a one, indeed, is Edgar Maass's new and penetrating "A Lady at Bay" which will certainly enhance his already enviable reputation. The publishers say that "it might almost be termed an historical murder mystery" but this only applies to the first of its four sections. From then on it is an attempt to probe into the very soul of one of the most cruelly warped human beings who ever lived.

France, *"mère des arts, des armes, et des loix"* as Joachim du Bellay put it, was also the mother of some not-

(*Continued on page 39*)

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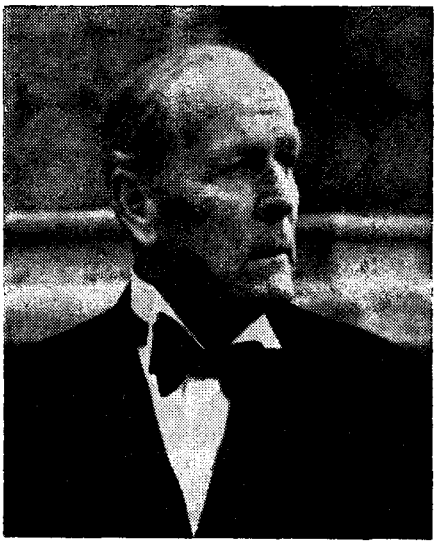
As a British Jurist Sees It

"The Strange Case of Alger Hiss," by the Earl Jowitt *(Doubleday. 380 pp. $3.95) is a disturbing book about one of the causes célèbres of modern American jurisprudence. Here Morris L. Ernst, a member of the New York bar and author (with David Loth) of "Report on the American Communist," tells why he believes it should be read by everyone concerned about the Hiss case and American justice.*

By Morris L. Ernst

DURING the past three decades our legal system has produced convictions in four cases with wide social implications that have left grave doubts in the minds of many citizens of good will—the cases of Tom Mooney, Sacco and Vanzetti, the Scottsboro boys, and Alger Hiss. In the Mooney and the Sacco-Vanzetti cases the defendants were men who sought social change at a pace and to a degree markedly different from that desired by most Americans. In the Scottsboro case the prosecution betrayed deep emotional feeling about social problems, but the defendants themselves bespoke no social attitudes at all. In background and training Hiss belonged to the respectable, conservative sector of our society; his conviction has divided the American people no less profoundly than these other *causes célèbres.*

In 1950 Hiss, after a previous trial ending in a jury disagreement, was convicted of perjury on two counts: when he denied that he had turned secret documents over to an admitted Communist espionage agent, Whittaker Chambers, and when he denied



The Earl Jowitt—"truly disturbing."

that he had seen and conversed with Chambers in February or March 1938. His is a case about which few Americans do not have an opinion—usually a pretty positive one—although few have read much of the trial evidence.

The case has already been the subject of several books. "Seeds of Treason," by Ralph de Toledano and Victor Lasky, did not pose to be an objective analysis. In "A Generation on Trial: U.S.A. vs. Alger Hiss" Alistair Cooke in his usually delightful and urbane style retold the case with peculiar emphasis on the pro-Communist climate in our land in the Thirties and during World War II. Apperceptive as Cooke's writings always are, his book was not written by a lawyer trained in legal procedure. Cooke seemed to excuse Hiss because in his youth (so Cooke thought) it was not considered unusual or *de trop* to play with Communism. True, during that period of attempted friendship with Russia united fronts were respectable and popular. Yet I never have been happy about the Susceptible Generation theory because the Communist Party during those years had an average membership of less than 75,000 members. The total number of youths who were sucked into that evil underground movement was an insignificant fraction of the American people.

Now, in a volume called "The Strange Case of Alger Hiss," the Earl Jowitt, former Lord Chancellor and Attorney General of Great Britain, led to the conviction of Hiss. Even before its publication here it had become a subject of bitter controversy. In England it was praised and damned. In this country publication was originally set for late May, but it was postponed and advance copies to reviewers were recalled so that corrections might be made—a step that led to speculation and more controversy.

Now that the book is at last available I am happy to welcome it as a provocative and truly disturbing book that should be read before asserting an opinion of Hiss's guilt or innocence.

MUCH of the value of the book derives from the fact that the Earl Jowitt is by training and experience familiar with the problems of weighing evidence and appraising conflicting testimony. He is acquainted with American rules of evidence and so can make illuminating comparisons of the rules of the "game" of law as it is practised in our land and in England. But even more important, the Earl Jowitt consistently approaches the case from the principle that governs the law of his own country, the belief that "The Crown Cannot Win and the Crown Cannot Lose." The sole function and duty of the British prosecutor is to reach for justice. Any prosecutor who fails to turn over to the defense important evidence or witnesses for innocence would be censured, and no prosecutor ever publicly reports either his percentage of indictments or convictions. This approach to criminal law is of course anathema to most of our prosecutors, some of our judges, and practically all of our daily press—at least in its headlines. The compulsion to obtain convictions and to get headlines often leads to the forcing of confessions, the holding of people incommunicado, and other practices unknown in England.

In preparing his book the Earl Jowitt did what few leading American members of the bar and fewer laymen have done: he studied the minutes and all the exhibits. Moreover, he had read Whittaker Chamber's autobiography, "Witness." It was his reading of this fabulous document that led him to make an error in the first writing about the date of one of Chambers's attempts to destroy himself. As far as I can see this much-discussed error has no bearing on the conjectures Jowitt raises with respect to the correctness of the verdict or the fairness of the proceedings.

The Earl Jowitt reviews the two parts of the case—the facts as presented and as found by the jury; and the law as laid down by the trial judge

(*Continued on page* 29)

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Pope: "The Odyssey of Homer." 2. Byron: "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." 3. Dyer: "Rawlinson MSS." 4. Taylor (Jane): "Essays in Rhyme." 5. Wordsworth: "Yes! Thou Art Fair." 6. Goldsmith: "The Deserted Village." 7. Spenser: "Faerie Queene." 8. Watts: "False Greatness." 9. Southwell: "Content and Rich." 10. Cowper: "Retirement." 11. Keats: "Sonnet. To Solitude." 12. Brooke: "Sonnet." 13. Howitt: "The Poor Man's Garden." 14. Gray: "The Progress of Poesy." 15. Milton: "Paradise Lost."

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Heroics of the Palate

Joseph Wechsberg's "Blue Trout and Black Truffles" *(Alfred A. Knopf. 288 pp. $3.75) is an epicure's report on his peregrinations among the great restaurants of Europe. It's reviewed here by another celebrated gourmet.*

By Lucius Beebe

IN "Blue Trout and Black Truffles" Joseph Wechsberg has written a book at once festive and possessed of overtones of melancholy—festive because its concern is with the pleasantest and most universal of human enjoyments, that of the table, and melancholy because so many of the wonderments the author remembers have now passed from the world, never to be replaced.

Mr. Wechsberg is, of course, familiar to all regular readers of *The New Yorker* and *Holiday* as an established expert in the field of literary gastronomy and a fellow of wide experience in the more Bohemian strata of European and American society. He is also, and happily, the possessor of a pervading and delightful humor. Nothing is less suited to the joys of eating and drinking than a solemnity of approach and "Blue Trout" is characterized by a sly and latent hooray that goes well with its content of truffled foie gras and lobster aspic.

That the highest type of gourmet is not born but evolved from long and continuous skirmishing with gustatory art is admirably proved by the Wechsberg saga of solid table fare. As a youth he was unable to bear the sight of food, but as hard times came to Czechoslovakia where he was born and the Central Europe in which he grew up, his appetite for fine table fare increased in geometric proportion to its scarcity. His increasing understanding of the great art of kitchen and cellar never, however, led to preciosity. If with the passing of time he became established in the restaurant life of two continents, he also retained a gusto and catholicity of taste which make all he writes about wonderfully good to read.

Readers who are familiar only with the classic outlines and dimensions of the French cuisine will be instructed and delighted by the book's chapters on the dumplings of the Czechs and the boiled beef hierarchy of table nobility in Vienna before the troubles. Contrary to American experience, in Austrian restaurants of de luxe status only the best cuts of beef were good enough to be boiled and among the elect who frequented such temples of bovine gastronomy as Meissel & Schadn a man was rated by the cut of beef he commanded boiled to his precise taste.

There are, in fact, so many pleasant interludes in this tally of gustatory enchantments that their complete roll call is impossible here and the amateur of the good things of table and cellar is urged without delay and instanter to go out and get himself a copy of the book where he can have the entire menu for a fixed price. The chapter on "The Ladies from Maxim's" is worth the price of admission alone with its chronicles of the spacious days of the Grand Dukes when *poularde Maxim's,* Hermitage Blanc '99, and the undressed and overjeweled ladies of the *belle époque* all seemed to be gloriously involved in a farrago of wine and red plush and orchestrated to the music of Franz Lehar.

THEN there are Mr. Wechsberg's sad reminiscences of Gundel, the great restaurateur of Budapest before the unspeakable putrescence of Communism, with its disdain for all polite amenities of living, enveloped Central Europe and Budapest in a pall of freedom except on the most debased imaginable estate.

Best reading of all, perhaps, is the account of the author's pilgrimage to the Pyramide Restaurant at Vienne, a few miles south of Lyon, presided over by the genius of Fernand Point, whom Mr. Wechsberg doesn't hesitate a minute to call the greatest living chef and who is, from all accounts, as approachable as any other sort of royalty, which is to say not at all. Without proper credentials the casual diner may as well be hopeful of a reception by the Pope as by M. Point, but when arriving at Vienne under suitable auspices the result is approximately that of being received at an oenophilic Court of St. James's.

At the Pyramide no guest is ever offered the same dish twice, and M. Point believes that a meal must be "composed and orchestrated" like a symphony. As inspiration for his symphonies, the proprietor is seldom without a glass of champagne in his hand and he encourages his guests to do likewise.

It is a comfort and delight to know that in France there are still innkeepers like M. Point, heirs to the great tradition of French food and wine despite the uncertainty of the times and scarcity of guests at once appreciative and solvent. It is also a comfort to know there are pious pilgrims, like Mr. Wechsberg, who will seek out such shrines of the true faith and aid them to keep the lights of the altar burning. The next best thing, if you can't immediately book passage for France and secure recommendations to M. Point, is to read about him in "Blue Trout and Black Truffles." A charming book.

—Made up of margin drawings from "Bouquet de France."

". . . pleasant interludes in [the] tally of gustatory enchantments."

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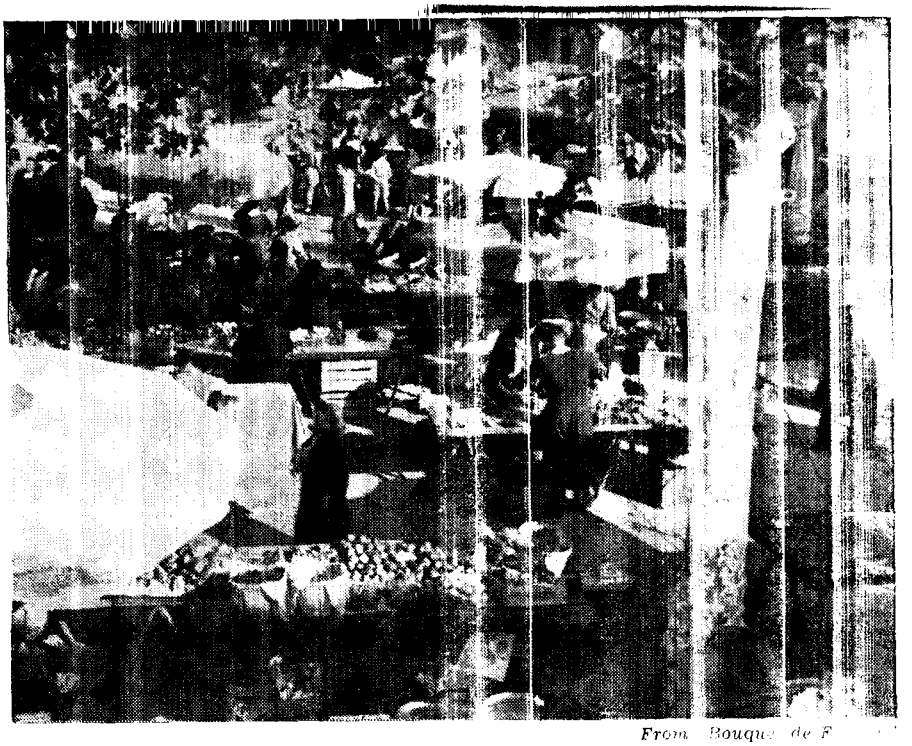

From Bouquet de F

The marketplace at Nice: "that fleshpot-dotted trail."

Aristocrats of the Kitchen

Samuel Chamberlain's "Bouquet de France" *(Gourmet Distributing Corp. 619 pp. $10) is a superb picture-and-text record of a tour of the great restaurants of France by a distinguished American photographer. Mr. Mackall, who reviews it below, is the author of "Knife and Fork in New York."*

By Lawton Mackall

OF a size and sumptuousness warranting a book-bearer with silken cushion, Samuel Chamberlain's beautifully printed, superbly pictorial tome, "Bouquet de France," surveys the glories of Gallic gastronomy region by region, samples them inn by inn, and clinches major findings with workable recipes that set the reader's taste-buds adream. One doesn't need astral nostrils to catch the bouquet.

How much is revelation, and how much rehash camouflaged with sauce Chamberlain? Predecessors on that fleshpot-dotted trail, or portions of it, range from Caesar up—staid Henry James, seduced by "the poetry of butter" in Bourg-en-Bresse; bacchic pilgrim Ernest Peixotto doing the wine circuit; Julian Street assaying the Parisian restaurant scene; G. B. Stern sipping, quipping, and scooting, after coining "shottled" for château bottled—but none has manifested the combination of talents that this graphic gourmet plies so effectively, so spellcastingly, as etcher, lithographer, camera artist, pen-and-ink enlivener of margins, and literary craftsman adept at the neat turn and the juicy *mot juste*. His feeling for the contour of an arch, for the texture of an old wall, for the jauntiness of a dunce-cap gable in Alsace, for a crenelated shadow carpeting the cobbles of Carcassonne, leads to the suspicion that he is also an architect. Most certainly he is a scenery man with a nice taste in clouds and a dramatic eye for a castle on a hill, or a thronged market, or fishing boats in a harbor. Confronted by the Pont Valentré in Cahors, Author Chamberlain nutshells it: "This fortified bridge dates from fourteenth century and bristles with three husky and forbidding towers in the best fairy-tale tradition." Whereupon Photographer Chamberlain composes a stunner. Between the two of them and the rest of the Chamberlain team, relations with the soil of France are of a closeness that the truffle-sleuthing sows of Périgord might envy. A candid shot of one of those clever porkers is offered in evidence, but none of the reputedly highly edible mountain goat of the Pyrenees called the *izard*, which eludes huntsmen with the agility of a Chamberlain dodging a cliché. Groups, batches, and clumps of inns are so unroutined that each emerges as an entity: thirty-three restaurants of Paris constitute the parting panache—followed by a sixty-two page treasury of regional recipes supplementing those interpolated in the main text. Charms of local wines are palate-investigated and connoisseur visits paid to the classic *crus* of France's greats. Brillat Savarin has at last got a compeer.

Victuals Home-style

GOOD HOME COOKING: When two such superior pot-clashers as June Platt and Sophie Kerr get together they make a noise that is sweet music to those for whom gastronomy is more than just eating. In **"Read 'Em and Drool"** (Rinehart, $3.50) they have attempted to put a dab of make-up on the plain face of that great American institution, the good, plain cook, who, being impervious to suggestions, produces fodder that can rarely aspire to the superlative of "the best I ever ate." With this book in hand we hope that American gastronomy will leap forward. The approach is sane and simple. Each recipe is detailed and docketed for the exact number of guests. Brilliant running text sets forth the authors' sardonic opinions of the pretensions of high-falutin' food experts. They tell us how to make vegetables interesting and plan a Christmas dinner in a basket.

However, with all their kitchen knowledge, they fail to reveal who first discovered pie. But, June, but, Sophie, raspberries don't grow on vines, but on stiff, spiny stalks. I know because I have just been cultivating a patch of them.

Here are such homely dishes as French fried onions, spare ribs, and boiled corned beef with cornmeal dumplings. Nothing too plain for these experts! Some day on our plain cook's night-out we are going to feast off these and quick lorraine and apple pie made with apple sauce. A careful study of the ingredients assures us that we won't be asking for bi-carb with the coffee.

In addition to the recipes found in the running text there are over two hundred more. Read 'em and drool! By the shades of Mrs. Rorer and Fanny Farmer, sirs, here is superb reading—the combined forthrightness of Sophie Kerr and the winsomeness of June Platt, as superior a pair of gals as ever put on aprons and who, having dined high both here and abroad, share their delight and secrets with us.

—RICHARDSON WRIGHT.

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The Consolations of Illiteracy

By PHYLLIS McGINLEY

THERE is something to be said for a bad education.

By any standards mine was deplorable; and I deplored it for years, in private and in public. I flaunted it as if it were a medal, a kind of cultural Purple Heart which both excused my deficiencies and lent luster to my mild achievements. But as time goes on I murmur against it less. I find that even ignorance has its brighter side.

For if I grew up no better instructed about the world of books than was Columbus about global geography, I had in store for me, as he did, the splendors of discovery. There is such a thing as a literary landscape; to that, to nearly the whole length and breadth of classic English writing, I came as an astonished stranger. No one who first enters that country on a conducted tour can have any notion what it is like to travel it alone, on foot, and at his own pace.

I am not exaggerating. My education really was bad. As a child I lived on a ranch in Colorado with the nearest one-room schoolhouse four miles away and the roads nearly impassable in winter. Sometimes there was no teacher for the school, sometimes my brother and I were the only pupils. If there was a public library within practical distance I never learned of it. We were a reading family but my father's library ran chiefly to history and law and the collected works of Bulwer-Lytton. I wolfed down what I could but found a good deal of it indigestible. In my teens neither the public high school of a very small Western town nor the decorous boarding school I later attended made much effort to mend the damage. It seems to me now that we were always having to make reports on "Ivanhoe" or repeat from memory passages from Burke's "Speech on Conciliation." I think in two separate English classes we spent most of the year parsing "Snowbound."

However, it was at college I seriously managed to learn nothing. My alma mater was one of those universities founded and supplied by the state which in the West everybody attends as automatically as kindergarten. There are—or were then—no entrance examinations. Anybody could come and everybody did, for the proms and the football games; and they sat under a faculty which for relentless mediocrity must have outstripped any in the land. So by putting my mind to it, I was able to emerge from four years there quite uncorrupted by knowledge. Let me amend that to literary knowledge. Somewhere along the line, out of a jumble of courses in Sociology, Household Chemistry, Hygiene, Beginner's German, I remember picking up bits and pieces of learning designed to enrich my life: the Theory of Refrigeration; the fact that Old German and Anglo-Saxon were two languages balefully akin and equally revolting; and the law about no offspring's having eyes darker than the eyes of the darker of his two parents. I had also, in one semester, been made to bolt Shakespeare entire, including the sonnets; and the result of such forced feeding had left me with an acute allergy to the Bard I was years getting over. Otherwise, few Great Books had impinged on my life. Through a complicated system of juggling credits and wheedling heads of departments, I had been able to evade even the Standard General Survey of English Literature.

I had read things, of course. I was even considered quite a bookworm by my sorority sisters, who had given up going to the library after polishing off "The Wizard of Oz." But it was the contemporaries who occupied me. I had read Mencken but not Marlowe, Atherton but not Austen, Hoffenstein but not Herrick, Shaw but not Swift, Kipling but not Keats, Millay but not Marvell. Unbelievable as it may seem to an undergraduate, I had never even read A. E. Housman. Although I had scribbled verses in my notebooks during geology lectures, I had not so much as heard of Herbert or Donne or Gay or Prior or Hopkins. I had shunned Chaucer and avoided Dryden. Oliver Goldsmith I knew by hearsay as the author of a dull novel called "The Vicar of Wakefield." Milton had written solely in order to plague the young with "Il Penseroso." I hadn't read "Vanity Fair" or "Ethan Frome" or "Essay on Man" or "Anna Karenina" or "The Hound of Heaven" or "The Dubliners." (Joyce was a contemporary but the furore over "Ulysses" was a mist that obscured his younger work.) Almost none of the alleged classics, under whose burden the student is supposed to bow, had I peered into either for pleasure or for credit.

As a consequence, although I came to them late, I came to them without prejudice. We met on a basis completely friendly; and I do not think the well-educated can always claim as much.

I commiserate, indeed, with people for whom "Silas Marner" was once required reading. They tell me it left permanent scars on their childhood; and I am certain they could not approach George Eliot as openmindedly as I did, only a year or two ago, when I tried "Adam Bede" as one might try for the first time an olive. "But it's magnificent!" I went around exclaiming to my friends. "I've been deceived! You told me Eliot was dull."

I PITY the unlucky ones who wrote compositions on "Richardson as the Father of the English Novel." They could never come, relaxed and amused, upon "Pamela" as if it were a brand-new book. The literate may cherish as dearly as I do such disparate joys as "The Deserted Village" or "Pride and Prejudice" or "Old Curiosity Shop" or "The Bostonians." I do not think, however, they feel the same proprietary delight as I do toward them. Behind those pages, for me, hovers no spec-

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1009)

HAN SUYIN:

(A) MANY-SPLENDORED THING

"The melting pot of the Orient" they called Hong Kong. Indeed, no! The place where everyone met, and many stayed apart, divided by hedges of prejudice and hearsay. However much one shook the mixture, it stratified into immiscible layers again.

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notebook. Each is my own discovery.

Often such discoveries have been embarrassing. Once I had begun to read for pleasure in a century not my own, I kept stumbling across treasures new to me only. I remember when I first pulled "Cranford" out of a boarding-house bookcase shortly after I had left college. For weeks I kept buttonholing my friends to insist they taste with me that remarkable and charming tidbit written by some unheard-of wit who signed herself simply "Mrs. Gaskell." And I recall how I blushed to learn they had nearly all read it—and disliked it—as juniors. Although I no longer go about beating the drum for each masterpiece I unearth, neither am I apologetic about someone's having been there before me. After all, Cortez (or Balboa, if one insists on being literal) must have known, when he surveyed the Pacific from that peak in Darien, that generations of Indians had seen it earlier. But the view was new to him. His discovery was important because it came at the right time in his career.

So mine have come. There are books that one needs maturity to enjoy just as there are books an adult can come on too late to savor. I have never, for instance, been able to get through "Wuthering Heights." That I should have read before I was sixteen. I shall never even *try* "Treasure Island," which I missed at twelve.

On the other hand, no child can possibly appreciate "Huckleberry Finn." That is not to say he can find no pleasure in it. He can and does. But it takes a grown-up to realize its wry and wonderful bouquet. Imagine opening it for the first time at forty! That was my reward for an underprivileged youth. For that Mark Twain shall have my heart and hand forever in spite of what he said about Jane Austen. "It's a pity they let her die a natural death," he wrote to William Dean Howells. Perhaps the young Samuel Clemens read her as part of a prescribed curricula. Otherwise how could even that opinionated and undereducated genius have so misjudged an ironic talent more towering than his own? Had I been younger than thirty when I first happened on Miss Austen I might have found her dry. Had I read her much later I might have been too dry, myself. Her season suited me.

FOR no matter how enchanting to the young are the realms of gold, maturity makes one a better traveler there. Do not misunderstand me. I wish with all my heart that I had taken to the road earlier—I do not boast because I was provincial so long. But since I began the journey late, I make use of what advantages I have. So for one thing, I capitalize on my lack of impatience. I am not on fire to see everything at once. There is no goal I must reach by any sunset. And how fresh all the landscape is to me! I wander as far afield as I care to, one range of hills opens out into another which I shall explore in due time. I move forward or backward. I retrace my steps when I please. I fall in love with the formal grandeur of the eighteenth century and stop there for as many months as the mood holds. Boswell's "London Journal" leads me back into Johnson himself and into the whole

(*Continued on page* 39)

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—By Alan Dunn

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Strange Interlude

THE responsibilities as well as the opportunities for the American writer have increased immeasurably in the brief time since the war ended eight years ago. We were fundamentally isolationist when it began; we have now assumed the immense burden of bringing stability to a world that has not yet recovered from chaos and destruction. The American literary renaissance of the Twenties and early Thirties had produced a vital literature that was translated and read throughout Europe, a composite and somewhat bewildering panorama made up of Sinclair Lewis's Middle West, Dreiser's tycoons and his "American Tragedy," Dos Passos's detailed study of contemporary America, Fitzgerald's disillusioned postwar adolescents, Hemingway's virile and belligerent heroes, and Faulkner's tragic novels of the Deep South.

But if it was somewhat bewildering, it was nevertheless convincing, for there was a dynamic energy behind it, a creative fury, that brought into being memorable and living characters who could have emerged only from the soil and the traditions of the United States. Combined with the reports in the foreign press of our fantastic experiment with prohibition and the criminals and racketeers it produced, Europe was satisfied to regard America as the one bright, if hectic, spot in the midst of a dismal and apparently endless world depression.

We have never had abroad what is known as a good press, for it has been the habit of European editors to publicize our sins and let our virtues alone. Today the people of Europe and the East are so sharply aware of our wealth and our continued advance in the art of combining science and technology that we are now regarded with a curious combination of respect, envy, and fear. They are also aware of the paradox we present. We have power, but we do not use it in any way to which the world has been accustomed in the past. The United States is now the one country to which millions from all over the world would emigrate if they were allowed to do so. And yet the crop of writers we have raised in the last few years tell them that as a people we are barbarous, uncultivated, and hag-ridden with doubts and neuroses, though whether they actually believe it is another story that cannot yet be told. At least they prefer to believe it and choose to remain ignorant of the machinery of our government and the facts of our economic system.

For example, our foreign critics profess to know nothing of the manner in which our vast and wealthy trade unions cooperate with capital. Apparently, they have never heard of the managerial revolution and still believe in the power of Wall Street to dominate everyone's lives, as if our industrial system were still run by the multimillionaires Dreiser portrayed in "The Financier" and "The Genius" and Theodore Roosevelt damned as malefactors of great wealth. They are certain that the South is exactly as Erskine Caldwell represented it in "Tobacco Road." Chicago is still crawling with racketeer gunmen and the West with cowboys and desperadoes. They know that the Middle West has not changed since "Main Street" and "Babbitt" was written, and what they think of Texas cannot be imagined.

TOO many of our younger writers have inherited from the years of the Great Depression in which they grew up their lack of belief in their own country and in the dignity of man; and they are now selling short not only human nature but America itself. They are turning a cold shoulder to what Faulkner in Stockholm called the old truths of the human heart and presenting an image of men and women so narrow and biased as to be a loathesome caricature. Van Wyck Brooks accurately describes the characters in their novels. "Hell-bent for destruction," he writes, "the younger people they present are generally corrupt, often depraved, alcoholics and morons, incestuous children, like the monkeys, quacks, crooks, and whores of Evelyn Waugh's novels that seem to embody a hatred of humankind. Their authors appear to be echoing the remark of Flaubert that life is like the odor of bad cooking through a venthole; while concentrating as they do on sex, they omit most of the overtones that alone make sex significant to the intelligent reader."

Many of these "chronicles of disaster" have developed an enviable style and a technical proficiency greatly admired by the legion of critics who surround them. Nevertheles, there is something hazy and inhuman in their conceptions and their characters. The reader may exclaim in the midst of a novel, "But people are not like that," or quote from "Alice in Wonderland," "They are only a pack of cards!" For the "social consciousness" that produced in the late Thirties so many bad books, and only one work of genius, Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath," they have substituted the sterile theme of human depravity and hopelessness borrowed from Jean-Paul Sartre and Franz Kafka. If the reader asks what can be done about it, the answer is nothing, nothing at all. It represents a curious and perverse interlude in our long literary history, and it is already vanishing since the public and the publishers are the final arbiters and they have had quite enough of perversity and unreality. —H. S.

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WHAT MAD GAME THIS?

Mr. E. O. Allig's tragic letter [*SR* July 11] has many unfortunate implications, and the fact that I should describe it as tragic is, of course, at once an indication of my own strong personal reaction to it.

It is most unfortunate that Mr. Allig's competence does not extend beyond the domain of astrophysics, and it is this very incompleteness of temper and outlook that ails the world, and that has distinguished science and technology in particular. My advice is that science as a whole had better extend the field of its competence in order that it may be more truly useful to humanity. Mr. Allig's letter (if I may be frank) betrays the dangerous disparity of this development among so-called able minds. It indicates that science is overly dependent upon outside forces for its direction, and being "pure science" science has been without its own soul and has become the harlot of militarism and materialistic philosophy.

What mad game is this that speaks of compensatory shock, that concerns itself with planetary equilibrium and temperature changes, that has regard for those who might be obliged to wear special temperature suits and pressure equalizers in order that they might survive this monstrous game? Have not the gamesters now become the schizophrene who complains of his various pains and his terrors with a grin and smile or with no emotion at all? Has the world reached the stage of its distemper where it thus drivels in such ironies as this?

Well, soon we shall know whether or not the world's malady will die out by slow degrees or by one sudden and horrendous self-destroying paroxysm. And as science has become the claw of the martial beast which may destroy itself, so may science expire in the ruin.

James Baker, Jr.

Cleveland, O.

WRONG END OF TELESCOPE

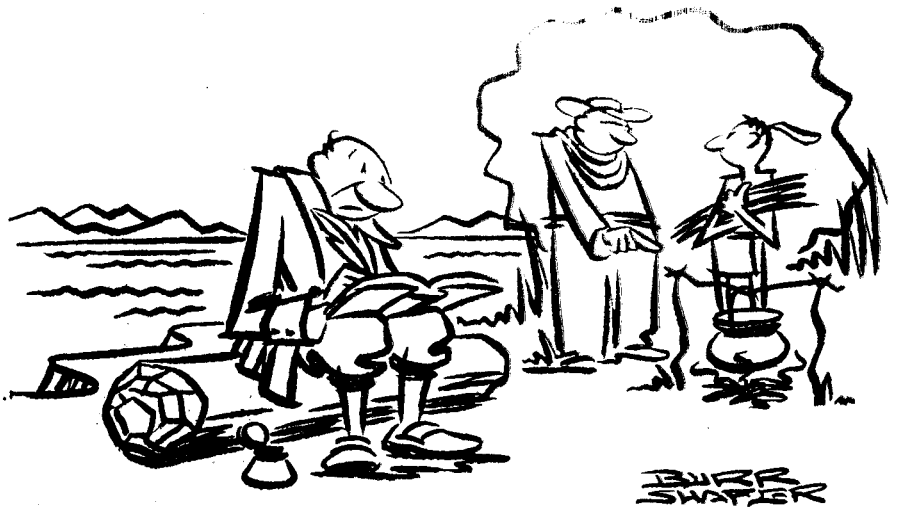
The astrophysicist whose name is an anagram of Galileo is stalking truth, but the conventions of his field of competence have made him look at it through the wrong end of a telescope. He correctly, by implication, convicts humans of disregard for human life, but he accuses them further of misuse of their ability to reason. The latter is a contradiction in terms.

Instead of the sort of agreement he suggests, it is more likely that when and if the thermo-nuclear reactions are initiated in quantity, an assembly of representatives of the humans of the earth will be arguing elsewhere about rules of order and the meaning of their previous agreement to meet together. The representative of the group doing the initiating will undoubtedly be excluded from the meetings by insistence of the representative of the group which formerly included the fused, to assure that the discussions will be valueless.

My own field of competence denies me the right to speak at all, since it has no relation to these more important examples of current human activities.

T. S. Rich.

Painesville, O.



Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"And this day the party of Pere Marquette came upon a river that the Indians call the Missus—the Misses—the Mrs.—the Father of Waters."

SENSE OF HUMOR

It is good to see a sense of humor like that displayed in E. O. Allig's letter. As long as we must live in this mess perhaps the best way is to laugh.

Frank Ross.

Charleston, W. Va.

SUPERIORITY CONT.

How have the mighty fallen! My good friend Bill Seifriz says he has "an equally good proof of the superiority of men: their hormones" [*SR* July 4]. And what is this proof? Nothing that has anything to do with men or women, but with calves! Seifriz might with greater cogency, but equal irrelevance, have cited the tumors of the female adrenal glands which produce a masculinizing effect upon the female at any age after birth. What does this prove? Simply that the addition of an excess of masculine hormones to the female organism is capable of upsetting its normal functioning. And this, it may be remarked, is what the role of men with respect to women has for the most part always been! Bill, you will have to come up with something better. We'll all be waiting.

Ashley Montagu.

Princeton, N. J.

LACK OF HETEROSEXUALITY

It is dismaying to find Mr. Montagu's articles received so vigorously by so many *SR* readers. Whether joining or taking issue with Mr. Montagu, your readers flatter him with their attention and display a startling lack of heterosexual understanding. There seems to be a deep vein of ignorance nourished in a sex-ridden culture which in combination with a resultant element of fear effects a primitive, almost savage, frame of regard for the opposite or rather the other sex. I don't see how the factors necessary for successful social or marital relationships with the other sex can survive in such an intellectual climate.

Pvt. George Hill.

Fort Dix, N. J.

NEWSPAPERITIS

Thank you for Ashley Montagu's article. I particularly agree with what he says concerning the need for men to become better fathers and to take a more active part in creating a satisfactory family life. I fear, however, that this is a lost cause as long as the daily paper is printed. For it is a rare, rare father who will lay down his newspaper for the sake of his child. Men are quick to accuse mothers of "momism" to explain certain ills of our youth. Aren't fathers guilty, too, of that overpowering disease called "newspaperitis"?

E. Newton.

Vacaville, Calif.

"JULIUS CAESAR"

As an habitual *SR* reader, I thank you for having directed my attention to and persuaded me to see the current M-G-M production of "Julius Caesar" [*SR* June 6]. My confidence in your movie columns as a dependable guide to selective moviegoing has again been confirmed.

Jesse Weil.

New York, N. Y.

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London Bridge

LONDON.

AT FIRST blush the English theatre seems to put Broadway to shame. There is always an excellent choice of plays, they are usually mounted with abundance and skill, and the actors invariably possess a poise in their roles that gives the action the aura of an expertly played game of bridge.

Certainly the best production still playing at June's end was Sir John Gielgud in "Venice Preserved." Thomas Otway's Restoration tragedy is richly written, and his suffering protaganist Jaffeir, torn between an oath given to a friend on the one hand and the love of a pure woman on the other, makes an ideal part for the newly knighted actor. How he flutes his final vowels to express Jaffeir's hopelessly torn emotions! So much so indeed that Americans may find the playing synthetic, except for a wonderful moment here and there when the great actor finds a spot in the script where a very simple delivery is most effective. Peter Brook has wisely staged the whole production to capitalize on such consciously created beauty both in sound and in appearance, and he is aided considerably by Leslie Hurry's magnificent scenery modeled after Guardi's mid-eighteenth-century paintings.

These settings infect the actors with a mood which stimulates their best work. Paul Scofield as Jaffeir's plain-spoken friend gives a strong performance which serves notice that he is ready to attempt a wide range of great parts. Except for a slight mushiness of the voice when in high emotion and an apparently irremediable head-waiter walk, there seems nothing to stop Mr. Scofield from here on in. Two equally brilliant performances are given by Pamela Brown as the courtesan Aqualina and by Richard Wordsworth as her decrepit suitor. Miss Brown, who moves like a dragon-fly, and Mr. Wordsworth, who clowns like Red Marshall but without ever slipping out of the original Otway character, combine to make hilarious the bawdiest scene in classic English drama. Eileen Herlie brings graciousness to the role of Belvidera but hardly the fiery appeal which would justify Jaffeir's loss of reason in her presence. Yet this is a minor deficiency, for she speaks well and the music of the play is not disturbed.

Another revival which has been running a while in London is Paul Dehn's clever revision of Oscar Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance." Mr. Dehn has removed some of the dated melodrama and replaced it with epigrams generally indiscernible from those of Mr. Wilde. The result is a play with more fancily turned lines than there are lumps of coal in Newcastle. It is a great strain on the actors, and only Clive Brook as Lord Illingworth and Isabel Jeans as Mrs. Allonby approach the kind of flawless delivery that is so vital to high comedy. Mr. Brook, whose motion-picture performance in "On Approval" has set a mark for epigrammatic actors to shoot at, has in this play gone so far as to add a line of his own.

Perhaps the most popular revival is Shaw's "The Apple Cart," playing at the Haymarket, London's most charming and comfortable theatre. The play stars Noel Coward in the part of King Magnus, and while the role seems to bore him—particularly in one speech where he must speak without interruption for ten minutes—that boredom adds an interesting touch in those scenes where he is showering contempt upon his cabinet. His underplayed departure provides a final punctuation that an author would find hard to duplicate in a line.

"The Living Room," a first play by Graham Greene, is the most talked about drama now playing in London. However, the things that provoke discussion—namely, an invalid priest's debating the ethics of his niece's illicit affair with a middle-aged, unhappily married psychology instructor—hurt rather than help the drama. This part of the proceedings has been compared with "The Cocktail Party," and indeed there are many similarities. In both a fresh and saintly young woman is having an affair with a married man, only to find out through the guidance of a vested authority that it is better for her to depart this world and leave the married couple to work out their own salvations through mutual acceptance of their unhappiness. Coming to terms with life means compromise and a shabby content-

life of ecstacy are apparently slated for shorter stays on this earth. However, T. S. Eliot's play was saved by its constant humor and its reflection of contemporary manners. Graham Greene's theology is more ponderous, for he is writing a domestic tragedy.

The radiant and uninhibited giving of herself to a man who can give her only a very limited return is expressed at high pitch by Dorothy Tutin, who plays the niece as friskily as a baby lamb. The anguished and shameful attempt to keep a husband with whom all hopes of physical love had died is played with free-swinging pathos by Valerie Taylor. Violet Farebrother's stern visage serves her well as the stony-hearted aunt. These three have emotions to stimulate their actions. The other two major characters are guided rather by the thoughts of the author and are correspondingly less moving. Eric Portman's performance as the sedentary priest and John Robinson's married psychologist are underplayed, possibly because they might have seemed absurd any other way. The same thing is true of Mr. Greene's playwriting. Where it is good it is very, very good, and where it is bad it is economical. Such talent and self-discipline promise a great deal, particularly if he is willing to write good rather than great plays. They should be left to the poets anyway.

TWO plays with more limited objectives which are doing very well in the West End this season are "Escapade" and "Dear Charles." The former, by Roger MacDougall, is a cross between "Time Out for Ginger" and "Misalliance." The play concerns an egocentric author who is working with fanatic zeal to achieve world peace by means of signed resolutions and the rest of the pompous paraphernalia that often provide more comfort to their instigators than progress towards achieving those conditions which would make a future war unwageable, let alone unthinkable. In the middle of his efforts he suddenly discovers that his own children, with the imminent prospect of military service ahead of them, have taken a more drastic and more effective step towards world peace. Since "Escapade" is a comedy, Mr. MacDougall doesn't bother to pursue his point to any real resolution, but is content to end his play on a note of domestic rather than world harmony. Nigel Patrick, Phyllis Calvert.

"Dear Charles," on the other hand, makes a virtue of its lack of substance and should be an ideal money-maker in American summer theatres. Adapted from a French play by Marc-Gilbert Sauvajon and Frederick Jackson, it

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concerns an older career woman who has had three illegitimate children by three different lovers. It is only when two of her children decide to get married that their mother informs them of the truth, rounds up their fathers, and makes an attempt to solve the problem of legitimacy by agreeing to marry any one of them. The completely unabashed mother is played with good-natured practicality by Yvonne Arnaud, who is Europe's answer to our Josephine Hull. The whole business gets fussy and self-consciously funny at times, but is relaxing entertainment that one accepts gladly at the British price scale of from twenty-eight cents to $2.20.

What Americans may miss in all these productions is a kind of "life truth" in which we are completely caught up in the situation of the characters onstage. Not that English actors are incapable of such acting, it is just not in their accustomed tradition. It would be most interesting if some of our better directors might be invited to stage a few British plays with British casts in London each year. Although the results might not be good box-office, it would be a magnificent way to keep the British theatre from becoming too inbred.

—Henry Hewes.

Stratford, Ontario.

Out of the little city of Stratford, Ontario, which has no tradition of drama and no connection with Shakespeare except the accident of its name, has come a unique Shakespearean Festival which opened two weeks ago with productions of "Richard III" and "All's Well That Ends Well."

Director Tyrone Guthrie, who usually prefers to work in England, was intrigued by the novelty of the idea of a festival in this little city with a population of 18,000, midway between Toronto and Detroit. He had had enough experience with Canadian actors overseas to know that he could find the talent here. But most of all he was intrigued by the opportunity of creating a new type of stage and auditorium. Here he could enlarge on the ideas for lively production which he had experimented with in Edinburgh while producing the ancient Scots drama "The Three Estates."

Tanya Moiseiwitsch (daughter of pianist Benno) has contrived an admirable adaptation of an Elizabethan theatre, with a low apron stage, bounded by three broad steps, equipped with decorative pillars with seats attached, and borrowing from the Elizabethans the idea of a balcony approachable from several directions. Two underground entrances

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and the use of steeply raked aisles for entrances and exits give Mr. Guthrie the physical assets he needs for the "orchestrated" productions he favors.

All this preparation would have been to no avail without a good Richard, and the Stratford Festival has a consummately sly Richard in Alec Guinness. Though capable of a "big" style of acting when he wishes it (his "I hate myself" soliloquy is masterfully built up), Mr. Guinness excels in offhand suggestion, in sinuous, continuing, exquisitely hypocritical villainy. Irene Worth creates a searing picture of the witchlike, cursing Queen Margaret, whom bitterness has robbed of any concern for dignity. No other character stands out; this is director Guthrie's show, and reflects him in every detail—the ample, gorgeously colored costumes, the masterly handling of crowds, the magnificently staged processions, the larger-than-life shields and crosses, the stylized make-up for the queens (white faces, heavy dark eyelashes, no lipstick).

"ALL's Well That Ends Well" is no less of a director's triumph, if only for exploding the myth that this play is unactable, or if only for the fact that it is played in dress that is modern, if not of any particular decade. But this refreshing production, where Parolles wears a trenchcoat and the soldiers have a portable typewriter, is much more a showcase for the acting talent assembled for the festival. It is primarily Irene Worth's show, and its chief glory is her voice, so sensitive to the demands of verse. She plays Helena as if she has never heard that all the literary critics consider this quite an impossible character. Not only does she don modern dress, but she adopts the emancipated woman's enterprise and lack of false modesty, so that the tricking of an unwilling husband becomes quite logical. Douglas Campbell, as the braggadocio Parolles, blends an exaggerated style of clowning with a more realistic style of acting, and carries off his juggling feat superbly. Alec Guinness has a distinguished niche in the background, as the King of France, and other male acting honors go to Lloyd Bochner, Robert Goodier, and Don Harron.

These two festival shows offer plentiful contrast. One evening belongs to Guthrie and Guinness, the other to Irene Worth and the Canadians supporting her. But however the respective merits are divided, the bold venture of staging a festival just because a city is called Stratford is paying rich theatrical dividends.

—LAURETTA THISTLE.

f. a.

if you were ever as fortunate as i to have received letters from fred allen they would come typed like this. mr. allen cleared it all up the other day when he explained why he used only lower case type.

"i have never been able to shift for myself," said mr. allen.

All of which is by way of announcing that Allen will be back on television when the new season rolls around. And high time too for such a bit of happy news, because most of the announcements for the coming season are best exemplified in this warning from *Newsweek* under the heading of "TV Tips." Quote:

"Watch for these on TV in the fall: Hedy Lamarr in a dramatic spy series now being shot in Italy. . . . Victor McLaglen in a series based on the comic strip 'Mickey Finn'. . . . TV's first minstrel show 'Gentlemen Be Seated,' starring banjoist Eddie Peabody. . . . A monthly Metropolitan Opera performance, assuming the Met can interest a network. . . . Gregory Ratoff in a dramatic series titled 'Mr. Big'. . . . Akim Tamiroff in a series called 'Secrets of the French Police,' to be filmed in Paris. . . ."

With all due respect to Mr. Tamiroff and to Mr. Ratoff and to Miss Lamarr as a spy shot in Italy, and though I possess no special prescience, I am loathe to regard these series as the desperate need of television of the moment. Almost any random flip of the dial will light up any set any evening on a half-hour series of this type of entertainment. Few and far between are the half hours of literate, intelligent small talk.

So it is with some delight that we note NBC has captured Fred Allen for weekly appearances Tuesday nights come winter in a program titled "Judge for Yourself." Mr. A. has had a fling or two on television before, but it can hardly be said he was captured on the variety shows on which he has capered when the script called for him to appear, for instance, as a football player, headgear askew over baggy eyes as he carried the ball down the field for dear old Colgate. His new show calls for him to appear as Fred Allen, sharp of wit, gently acerbic, a keen observer of human foibles and the American scene.

The format for Mr. Allen's new program will permit him to meet and talk to people who have been selected at random from his studio audience to come before the cameras and summon up from a sluggish reservior of latent knowledge the correct rejoinders to some enigmatic interrogations which —oh, why fool around! To put it bluntly, it's a quiz show. And I hasten to add that a quiz show is another item for which there is no desperate need on television of the moment.

BUT "Judge for Yourself" with Mr. Allen as moderator will no more be the typical quiz program than is Groucho Marx's "You Bet Your Life." Mr. Allen, who on a program in his early days of radio demonstrated his ability to draw from a lay guest four or five minutes of remarkable cross-dialogue, will find his rightful place in this new medium just as Mr. Marx has found his. NBC may feel rightfully proud to have corralled these two gentlemen as weekly features of its television schedule.

I would like to add a behind-the-scenes footnote here to lay low a canard which I have heard whispered along Madison avenue that Mr. Marx was somewhat provoked that Mr. Allen had settled on a format similar to his. This is not only without foundation, but the idea was suggested to Mr. Allen by Mr. Marx, and it was Mr. Marx who prevailed upon Mr. Allen to try out the idea on kinescope.

The tryout was, as expected, a huge success, but it was immediately after this that Mr. Allen had to give up the idea of doing a show when he suffered from what is referred to medically as high blood pressure, but which is better known in the trade as Hooper-tension. Having recovered, knock wood, Mr. Allen is now prepared to resume.

And it will be pleasant to listen to a quiz master questioning his contestants and to feel fairly certain that the dialogue will not take the form I heard it take the other evening on a show the name of which I shall not mention because the young man currently in charge is usually rather entertaining.

"Where are you from?" he asked the lady before him.

"I'm from Baltimore," she replied.

"Baltimore!" he quipped. "My home town! I was born there at Woman's Hospital. I don't know what I was doing at Woman's Hospital, but my mother was there at the time and I guess I wanted to be near her."

And then he went on to ask the scout the name of the talent she had brought for the show.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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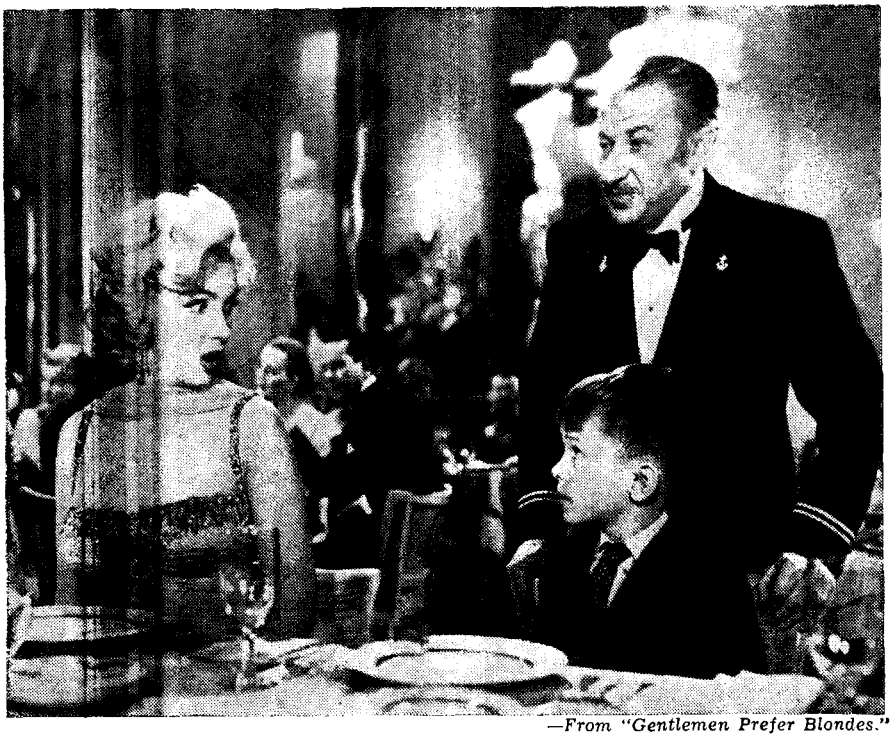
Bumps and Grinds



—From "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Miss Monroe is disagreeably surprised by her escort for the evening.

AMONG some vital statistics that Twentieth Century-Fox has sent me on **"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"** is a note that the movie "frankly makes an all-out attempt to capitalize on the near-hysteria which has marked Marilyn Monroe's phenomenal rise to international popularity." Up until recently I hadn't noticed a great deal of this near-hysteria—calendar sales have risen slightly, I realize, and staid magazines like *Films in Review* have taken to placing her picture on the cover—but my first authentic awareness of this near-hysteria came about when I attended a sneak preview showing of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" at New York's Roxy Theatre. It was difficult not to notice that every time Miss Monroe, in full calendar colors, wiggled, crooked a finger, or so much as batted an eyelash (she bats those eyelashes as though she's trying to hit a baseball) a loud series of moans, groans, and sighs rose from every part of the theatre. Undoubtedly some of the noise came from satisfied company executives whose presence graced the happy occasion, but my quick count told me that at least four thousand of those occupying seats had not got in on passes. These people—at least the males among them—seemed fully willing to elect Miss Monroe as the Goddess of Fertility for 1953.

It becomes a little difficult, in the face of this awesome burst of approbation, to appraise the movie with critical aloofness. Frankly, I suspect that it is an empty and graceless remake of a fair-to-middling Broadway musical that only comes alive when Marilyn Monroe and her partner, Jane Russell, stop talking and start wiggling. Some of the musical numbers in which this happens are quite fetching. Whatever zest, however, was in the original material of book and play has been lost by taking it out of the Twenties and into some never-never land of the present. This, if I remember my press releases correctly, was the idea of Howard Hawks, the director. It's one of the worst ideas the capable Mr. Hawks ever had. Well, it's too late now to argue about what *might* have been if the movie had turned into a gentle ribbing of the Twenties.

One of the questions of our time that must sooner or later be answered is whether Marilyn Monroe has any talent. I did make an honest attempt to evaluate her acting, singing, and dancing ability, but I couldn't seem to keep my mind on the problem. Perhaps it was that damned wiggling. A

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tellectual turn of mind, told me he had managed to narrow down the basis of her appeal. "It's her lips," he said. "She keeps them wet, or looking wet. Ever notice?" Well, wet lips or dry, Miss Monroe seems to be enjoying herself in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and she also appears to be sharing the joke with the audience, whatever the joke is.

The dance director, Jack Cole, was evidently not fully sure that Miss Monroe and Miss Russell could dance —really dance, that is—so he has mainly kept them to burlesque-type routines. To learn these, the vital statistics continue to inform us, the girls were sent to some downtown Los Angeles burlesque houses to pick up what pointers were needed. There they quickly learned how to parade, bump, and grind. However, censorship codes protect us from the *true* parade, bump, and grind of the burlesque show.

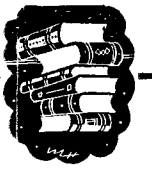
In the movies bumps may only go backward and not forward; grinds must grind from side to side and not around and around. And that is how Miss Monroe and Miss Russell do it. Backward bumps and side-to-side grinds. Corseted within these limitations, the girls, nevertheless, do nobly. When the production code people hear the audiences yowling they may feel it wise to make up newer and stricter rules.

* * *

"Vice Squad" is a far better than average cops-and-robbers story that returns Edward G. Robinson to the screen in the role of a kindly and competent captain of detectives. The title is unfortunate, for the movie has little to do with vice or a vice squad and instead concentrates on the day-by-day routine of a bureau of detectives in Los Angeles. An obvious title would have been "Detective Story," but someone got there first with that one. The script turned out by Lawrence Roman is expert and sharp-edged, and he has made his gangsters, cops, and some unsavory citizens into full-blooded characterizations.

The actors, among them Porter Hall, Jay Adler, and Adam Williams, turn in believable jobs, egged on by some fine direction on the part of Arnold Laven. Even Paulette Goddard seems to feel quite at home in her role of a woman who is running a house that is not a home. If you're in the mood for a small-screen, flat black and white, non-stereophonic movie of a modest, unpretentious sort, then this is the one to see. It gave me a feeling very close to nostalgia.

—Hollis Alpert.



NEW EDITIONS

Growing World of Reprints

DOUBLEDAY's new series of inexpensive, stiff-paper-bound reprints, Anchor Books, is off to an impressive start. The first twelve volumes are various in their colorful cover designs, and no less various in their contents, but they all have one thing in common—quality. Listing them in the numerical order assigned them by their publisher, they are: Stendhal's "The Charterhouse of Parma" (95¢); Joseph Bédier's "The Romance of Tristan and Iseult" (65¢); translated from the French by Hilaire Belloc and Paul Rosenfeld; "An Essay on Man" (75¢), by Ernst Cassirer; Francis Fergusson's "The Idea of a Theatre" (75¢); "Studies in Classic American Literature" (65¢), by D. H. Lawrence; Edmund Wilson's "To the Finland Station" ($1.25); "Lafcadio's Adventures" (75¢), by André Gide; Conrad's "The Secret Agent" (75¢); "Socrates" (65¢), by A. E. Taylor; "Modern Science and Modern Man" (65¢), by James B. Conant; "Shakespeare" (85¢), by Mark Van Doren; and Constance Rourke's "American Humor" (75¢).

Here is a collection, or selection, that represents high editorial standards and catholic taste. The three novels are all distinguished by a rich vein of irony, and exhibit their authors' talents in their finest flower. Conrad was never in surer control of the narrative art than when he wrote "The Secret Agent." Stendhal's blend of romanticism, psychological insight, social satire, and ironic wit remains a unique mixture; yet Professor Albert Guerard, Jr. is right when he suggests that there is a literary line of descent which connects Stendhal's history of Fabrizio and Gide's history of Lafcadio. "To the Finland Station" —a study of historical-political ideas, pure and applied, from Vico, through Marx, to Lenin and Trotsky—is, for me, Edmund Wilson's best and most re-readable book. Constance Rourke's examination and interpretation of Yankee, Western, and other American humor is a truly original synthesis that fulfils the promise of its sub-title: "A Study of the National Character." It is a pleasure to read Shakespeare in the intelligent company of Mark Van Doren, and it is an instructive privilege to see famous dramas through the revealing lens of Francis Fergusson's critical mind. Lawrence's running, sometimes angry, dialogue with Franklin, Cooper, Poe, Hawthorne, Dana, Melville, and Whitman tells us even more about Lawrence than it does about the writers with whom he argues—tells us things that are at times almost embarrassing—but, thanks to the fact that Lawrence never lacked the courage of his manias, it also throws fresh light upon familiar books and authors. Cassirer's "Essay" is, as far as I know, the most complete statement in English of the thought of a philosopher who believed that "the principle of symbolism, with its universality, validity, and general applicability, is the magic word, the Open Sesame! giving access to the specifically human world, to the world of human culture." Dr. Conant's lectures on modern science and modern man are those of a thinker who finds considerable ground for agreement with P. W. Bridgman's "realization that the structure of nature may eventually be such that our processes of thought do not correspond to it sufficiently to permit us to think about it at all." Bedier's version of the Tristan-Iseult legend is the work of a great scholar who could write delightfully, and the Belloc-Rosenfeld translation is excellent. Taylor's brief biography is a remarkably successful attempt to write the life of the actual, not the Platonic Socrates, to give the essence of his philosophy, and to explain why the rulers of Athens tried him.

Macmillan has published a new edition of "The Collected Plays of W. B. Yeats" ($5). Scribner's has reprinted Oscar Wilde's "Five Famous Plays" ($3.50), with a new introduction by Alan Harris, who justly remarks that Wilde's triumphs have not all been on the backside of the asbestos curtain—"Wilde's influence only, perhaps, reached its full height in the generation that blossomed out at the end of the War of 1914-18, by which time many of his actual writings were a little outmoded." As an acute observer has said of the Oxford of that time, "Qu'on l'amât ou qu'on le hait, Oscar Wilde régnait." From the Ronald Press come "The Poems of John Milton" ($3), edited with an introduction and notes by James Holly Hanford, and "The Best of Whitman" ($2.75), edited with an introduction and notes by Harold W. Blodgett. And "1066 and All That" (Dutton's, Coronation Edition, 21st printing, $2.25) is as good as it ever was.

—Ben Ray Redman.

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Continued from page 17

and sustained by the Appellate Court. The book is factual and detailed, its thirty-five chapters dealing with witnesses, the libel action, the first trial, the controversy between John Foster Dulles and Hiss, the typewriter, the four handwritten documents, the typewritten documents, the photographed documents, and, I assume, every aspect of the affair. For me to discuss any one or several phases of Jowitt's appraisal at length would be so arbitrary as to leave a false impression that the strangeness of "The Strange Case of Alger Hiss" derived from those particular items.

In the course of his book the Earl Jowitt asks innumerable questions, for he realizes that in such a situation as this, where everyone, particularly the uninformed, has the answers, the listing of questions may be more valuable than the glib, definitive answer. He asks why it was that until 1948 Chambers, who had deserted the Party, repeatedly testified under oath that he had no knowledge of espionage. If it was in part to protect Hiss, why did he assert in 1946 that Hiss was engaged in work far more important than espionage? Why were three of the four documents written with different colored pencils? Whose hand operated the typewriter owned by Mrs. Hiss to produce the incriminat-

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 528

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 528 will be found in the next issue.

ABCZ - YBXDEC DA

DXYFCWBXGB VZ E

NLVNBXADPH PV ZVLBWV.

EOKLVAB KDBLGB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 527

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

—LAMB.

questions not for accent, but only because the author carries them in his final chapter, "Retrospect." The book concludes: "If the reader can supply confident answers to these and similar questions which I have found so baffling, he will—at least to his own satisfaction—have solved the mystery which underlies 'The Strange Case of Alger Hiss'."

EVERY reader who thoughtfully considers the evidence the Earl Jowitt offers and the questions he asks will doubtless reach definite impressions of his own when he has finished the book. Before reading the book I was convinced that the jury's verdict was correct on both counts. Now, on the basis of the accumulation of evidence offered in the book rather than on any particular points, I greatly doubt the correctness of the jury's verdict that Hiss lied when he denied that he had turned secret documents over to Chambers. But the Jowitt presentation fortifies my feeling that Hiss lied when he denied that he had seen or conversed with Chambers in February or March 1938. Certainly Hiss greatly weakened his defense when he limited the time and quality of his relations with Chambers, thus reducing the possibility of the access of the documents to Chambers.

Perhaps one reason that the book impressed me so greatly was an incident during the trial that had struck me as quite significant. Ordinarily when a person comes to court for final sentence and the judge asks if he has anything to say for himself, the convicted person protests his *total* innocence. This Hiss did not do. I recall a hunch I had, along the lines of Jowitt's book, that here was a psychological clue of partial innocence and partial guilt. Hiss, as reported in the press, merely referred to the ultimate exposure of the evidence relating to the typewriter. He did not protest his innocence of perjury as to his testimony about the last time he met Chambers. This piecemeal plea was so odd as to amount, I thought, to one of those tip-offs in the law which often act as unconscious direction markers.

The strangeness—and the significance—of "The Strange Case of Alger Hiss" lies above and beyond the case of the man Hiss. Reading the Earl Jowitt's pithy comments on American courtroom practices—as compared with those followed in Britain—has disturbed me greatly. Juries are not infallible, but we can reduce the likelihood of their erring if we become aroused to his criticisms of our legal procedures which leave much to be asked for in terms of that priceless protection of free men—due process.

Good News

▶ Senator Ralph Flanders of Vermont and thirty-one other Senators, ranging from conservatives like John W. Bricker of Ohio to liberals like Paul Douglas of Illinois, have joined in sponsoring a Resolution in the U. S. Senate calling for "enforceable universal disarmament, down to those arms and forces needed for the maintenance of domestic order, under a continuing system of United Nations inspection, control and international police protection," *Senate Concurrent Resolution 32.*

This important resolution calls upon the President of the United States "to explore whether or not changes in the United Nations Charter may be required for the achievement" of this objective, and whether "existing United Nations agencies such as the Disarmament Commission could be more fully utilized." The resolution further calls upon the President to "develop a plan for the transfer of resources and manpower now being used for arms to constructive ends at home and abroad, and to recommend similar action to the United Nations and member states." It asks that "the United States proposals and endeavors for world disarmament be repeatedly and continuously made known to our own people and the world," and that copies of the resolution be transmitted to every U.N. delegate and "to the presiding officer of every national parliament, congress, and deliberative assembly throughout the world."

▶ The seventy-six year old Tap Day ceremonies at Yale University in which six senior honor societies publicly selected ninety juniors for membership have been discontinued. The reason is that the experience is considered humiliating to those students not chosen.

▶ The Soviet Union is getting around to some of the niceties of civilization. The manufacture of perfumes and colognes has jumped tenfold since the war, and millions of bottles of *Red Moscow, White Lilac, The Kremlin* and other fine-smelling varieties are to be found in the nation's shops. The manufacture of cosmetics also has considerably increased.

—DONALD HARRINGTON.

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SR's World Travel Calendar

SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER

Austria

ANTHROPOLOGICAL ETHNOLOGICAL CONGRESS *(Sept. 1-8, Vienna)*: Symposium on colonial peoples, preservation of dying cultures.

ALPINE MOTOR RACE *(Sept. 20, Tyrol)*: International contests for autos, motorcycles.

Belgium

FAIR *(Sept. 12-27, Ghent)*: Eighth international exhibition of Belgian and foreign products.

FESTIVAL OF WALLOONS *(Sept. 27, Charleroi)*: Folklore parade, fireworks display.

CARILLON CONCERTS *(Oct. 2, Malines)*.

LIGHT CAR TOUR *(Oct. 24, 25, Brussels)*: Sports, touring cars on display.

EXHIBITION *(Oct. 31-Nov. 6, Brussels)*: International food packaging show.

RELIGIOUS PROCESSION *(Nov. 8, Montaigu)*: March of the Candles.

Bermuda

QUEEN'S VISIT *(Nov. 24, Hamilton)*: Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip to stop at Bermuda on tour of part of the British Empire. It will be the first time a reigning monarch has gone to Bermuda.

Britain

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL *(Aug. 23-Sept. 12, Edinburgh)*: Highlights of program include Philharmonia Orchestra, Sept. 1-4; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Sept. 7-12; Scottish National Orchestra, Sept. 6.

THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL *(Sept. 6-11, Gloucester)*: World-famous church choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, Worcester will present their 226th annual performance.

MOTOR RACES *(Sept. 5, Dundrod, N. Ireland)*: Tourist Trophy Race for sports cars. *(Sept. 5, Brighton)*: Speed trials. *(Sept. 26, Goodwood, near Petworth, Sussex)*: BARC meeting for racing, sports cars.

Denmark

NIELSEN FESTIVAL *(Sept. 1-4, Copenhagen)*: Symphonies Nos. 1, 3, 5, 6 by Carl Nielsen, as well as his opera "Saul and David."

VISITING DAY *(Sept. 5, Copenhagen)*: Tourists, Danes go behind scenes of theatres, public buildings. Valuable prizes given at climax of party in Tivoli Gardens.

CHARTER JUBILEE *(Sept. 5, 6, Praesto, near Copenhagen)*: Celebrating the 550th anniversary of the granting of the city charter. Folk singing, dancing featured.

France

AMATEUR FILM FESTIVAL *(Sept. 5-15, Cannes)*: International show for non-professionals.

ANNIVERSARY *(Sept. 13-19, Dijon)*: Religious ceremonies commemorate 800th anniversary of the death of St. Bernard.

WINE FESTIVAL *(Sept. 19, 20, Dijon)*: A bacchanalia of Burgundy wines.

HORSE RACES *(Oct. 4, Paris)*: Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe.

"LES TROIS GLORIEUSES" *(Nov. 14-16, Nuits-St.-Georges, Beaune, Meursault)*: Three days devoted to celebrating the glories of Burgundy wines.

Germany

BERLIN FESTIVAL *(Sept. 1-20, Berlin)*: First Berlin performance of "Der Prozess," an opera by Von Einem; two plays in court of Charlottenburg Castle; chamber music; Verdi's "Requiem."

FAIRS *(Sept. 13-15; 20-22, Cologne)*: International Fall Fair features clothing during first period, household goods and hardware during second period. *(Sept. 26-Oct. 11, Berlin)*: Fourth German Industries Fair to show heavy machinery, chemicals, radio, television, and other modern devices.

OCTOBER FESTIVAL *(Sept. 19-Oct. 4, Munich)*: Munich's biggest annual celebration. Beer the favorite beverage. Costume procession on Sept. 20.

ST. MARTIN'S FESTIVAL *(Nov. 10, Bonn, Dusseldorf)*: Traditional festivities, children's processions. Similar celebration at Heidelberg, Nov. 15.

BICYCLING *(Nov. 12-18, Munich)*: Annual six-day bike race.

Hawaii

BOAT RACE *(Sept. 7, Oahu Island)*: Outrigger canoe contests.

FISHING FESTIVAL *(Sept. 19, Laie Beach, Oahu Island)*.

MOON FESTIVAL *(Sept. 21, throughout the islands)*: Chinese celebration features Oriental cakes, candies.

SYMPHONY CONCERT SEASON BEGINS *(Sept. 29, Honolulu)*: Other concerts Oct. 18, 27; Nov. 10, 22, 24; Dec. 13, 15.

ORCHID SHOW *(Oct. 16-18, Honolulu)*: Several thousand choice blooms on display.

ALOHA WEEK *(Oct. 18-24, Honolulu)*: Pageantry, native dancing, singing. Similar celebrations on neighboring islands later.

FISHING RODEO *(November; exact dates to be announced in October; Honolulu)*: Annual event sponsored by Hawaii Big Game Fishing Club. Dates depend on weather forecasts.

Ireland

HURLING *(Sept. 6, Dublin)*: All-Ireland senior final.

FOOTBALL *(Sept. 27, Dublin)*: All-Ireland senior final.

GAELIC FESTIVAL *(Oct. 10-18, Dublin)*: Music, literature featured.

GALWAY FEIS *(Nov. 18-21, Galway)*: Gaelic music, art, singing, dancing.

GRAND OPERA *(Nov. 23-Dec. 19, Dublin)*: Hamburg State Opera Co. and Dublin Grand Opera Society.

Israel

ROSH HASHANA *(Sept. 9)*: The Jewish New Year, ushered in at all synagogues by the blowing of the ram's horn.

YOM KIPOOR *(Sept. 19)*: Day of Atonement.

SUCCOTH *(Sept. 24)*: Feast of the Tabernacles.

SIMCHAT TORAH *(Oct. 1)*: Rejoicing of the Law, celebrated with colorful ceremonies in all synagogues.

Italy

FILMS *(Sept. 1-12, Venice)*: Feature films from many countries compete for prizes.

PIEDIGROTTA *(Sept. 7, 8, Naples)*: Parades, carnival; select most popular tune of the year.

GRAND PRIX *(Sept. 13, Monza)*: Italian Grand Prix and light car races.

"SAGRA MUSICALE UMBRA" *(Sept. 20-Oct. 4, Perugia)*: Seventh annual festival of religious music.

GOLDEN CUP CAR RACE *(Oct. 18, Palermo, Sicily)*.

Jamaica

QUEEN'S VISIT *(Nov. 25, 26)*: Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip to arrive at Montego Bay on 25th, then drive to Kingston.

Japan

SUMO TOURNAMENT *(Sept. 19-Oct. 2, Kuramae, Tokyo)*: Japanese autumn wrestling tournament.

"O-ESHIKI" *(Oct. 12, 13, Tokyo)*: Feast of Hommonji Temple with parade of 10,000 lanterns.

CULTURE DAY *(Nov. 3, nationwide)*: Athletic events, art exhibitions.

Netherlands

AUTUMN FAIR *(Sept. 1-11, Utrecht)*: Furniture, agricultural products displayed.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT *(Sept. 15, The Hague)*: Queen Juliana rides through town in a golden coach to inaugurate latest session.

FLOWER FESTIVAL *(Sept. 6, Zundert)*: A parade of floats lavishly decorated with fresh flowers featured.

LIBERATION OF LEYDEN *(Oct. 3, Leyden)*: Anniversary of lifting of the Spanish siege. Historical procession.

Portugal

FESTIVAL *(Sept. 7-15, Nazaré)*: Tribute to Our Lady of Nazaré. Fair, singing, dancing.

BULL FIGHTS *(Oct. 4-8, Vila Franca de Xira)*: Annual fair.

PILGRIMAGE *(Oct. 12, 13, Fatima)*: One of the most important religious pilgrimages of the year.

FAIR *(Nov. 11, Golegã)*: Regional celebration honors St. Martin.

Spain

OUR LADY OF MERCY *(Sept. 23-26, Barcelona)*: Bull fights, folk dancing.

AUTO RACE *(Oct. 26, Barcelona)*: Grand Prix of Penya Rhin.

LIVESTOCK FAIR *(Nov. 23-25, Huesca)*: One of the most important livestock fairs in Spain; traditional close of bull fighting season.

Sweden

FAIRS *(Sept. 1-6, Stockholm; Sept. 12-20, Gothenburg)*: St. Erik International Fair at Stockholm. Swedish Industries Fair at Gothenburg.

Switzerland

MUSIC INSTRUCTION *(Sept. 1-6, Zermatt)*: Pablo Casals to conduct courses for professionals.

"RENCONTRES INTERNATIONALES" *(Sept. 2-12, Geneva)*: Lectures by intellectual leaders.

"COMPTOIR SUISSE" *(Sept. 12-27, Lausanne)*: The 34th agricultural industrial trade fair.

MUSIC CONTEST *(Sept. 21-Oct. 4, Geneva)*: The 9th international competition for musical performers.

VINTAGE FESTIVAL *(Oct. 3, 4, Neuchatel)*: Procession, flower corso.

"BENICHON" *(Oct. 18-20, Chatel-St.-Denis)*: Folk festival.

AUTUMN FAIR *(Oct. 24-Nov. 8, Basel)*.

Turkey

FAIR *(Sept. 1-20, Izmir)*: International trade fair.

ANNIVERSARY *(Oct. 29, nationwide)*: The 30th birthday of the Turkish Republic; parades.

USA

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL *(Sept. 1-6, Yellow Springs, O.)*: Final days of festival at Antioch College. "Timon of Athens."

MISS AMERICA CONTEST *(Sept. 8-12, Atlantic City, N.J.)*: Beauty queen of 1953 to be chosen.

—ROBERT MEYER, JR.

Further information may be obtained by writing World Calendar, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

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Djungel Djim in Lapland

INSIDE THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

THINGS have improved considerably up here since the days when Amundsen, Nansen, Peary, and other hearties stood on the back runners of a dog sled and hollered "Mush!" For the better part of a week we have been exploring the northlands from the observation car of a fabulous Swedish train, hollering such lusty phrases of the Arctic as "Steward!" or sometimes just "Beer!"

A staff of seventeen is on hand to wait on forty-eight passengers; hot water flows unfailingly at any hour from the tap in each compartment; there is a special car equipped with showers, a hair dryer, and an iron; we have a telephone, movies on rainy days, and each morning the hostess rustles the explorers by wafting ethereal poems over the loudspeakers, followed by soft matutinal music. Ah, where are the sourdoughs of yesteryear?

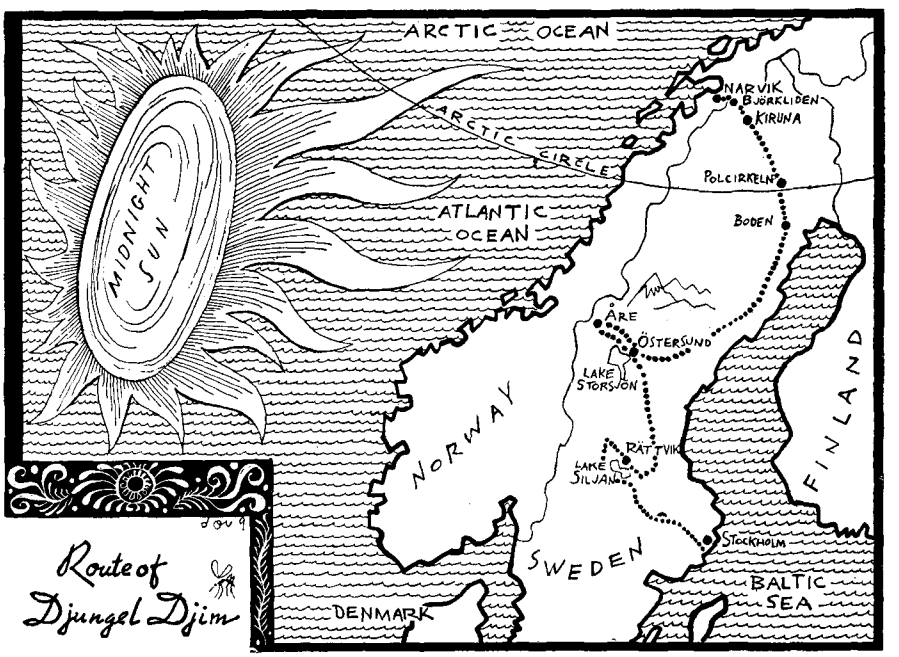
This painless scheme for traipsing across the tundra is the invention of the Swedish State Railways, which each summer operates a series of Sunlit Nights Land Cruises to the Scandinavian highlands. Garden-club secretaries, the bridge-and-bonbon brigade, ladies who remember Lincoln, and other hardy types can plough across the Arctic on cushioned rails, taking side excursions by upholstered bus each day, sleeping in a downy berth each night, frequently at a quiet siding. Newspapers are whisked up from Stockholm daily, a bar maintains the proper percentage of alcohol in the blood, and a minimum of meals are served on the train. Eight days and eight nights of this kind of high living in the low latitudes costs between $250 and $300 depending upon the accommodation you choose.

The excursion gathers steam the first night out of Stockholm when the explorer's express rolls into Raettvik in Delacarlia, a Swedish province where the houses are painted a vivid red and trimmed in stark white, and the village folk sometimes go to church in longboats dressed in native costumes whether tourists are on hand or not. For our pleasure the Delcarlians put on a picnic at a *faebod*, which is a farm cottage in the mountains where cowherds are kept for summer grazing. A trio of fiddlers met us at the foot of the hill on the morning we arrived and took us up to the picnic grounds Delacarlian-style, marching to a Swedish jig. A bellow on a long birchbark horn normally used to call in the cattle summoned the tourists with equal effect, and all hands, save the squeamish, sat down to dabble gingerly in long milk, a sourish sort of cream that some of the more irreverent were unkind enough to liken to milk of magnesia. Those thus disturbed could sprinkle cinnamon, nutmeg, sugar, and ginger on top, or turn to the thin wafer pancakes rolled with a filling of sour milk and newly turned butter. For dessert there was a dish of cloudberries, a northland specialty resembling a brown raspberry and served with whipped cream. Scandinavia would be in an awful fix if there was ever a blight on cows.

In the afternoon one could return to the train for a nap, put on a bathing suit for a swim in Lake Siljan, which lay alongside the tracks, or walk back to the club car and call New York. As the summer night came to Delacarlia the sun hardly bothered to set. A troupe of fourteen dancers, the men looking modish in chamois plus-fours embossed with flower vines, the girls in peasant rig, appeared on the lawn of the Hotel Persborg and danced under the birch trees with the lake as a backdrop. Then the dancers, the fiddlers, and the whole hotel marched us to the station and we rolled on towards the Arctic.

Now we were in the province of Jaemtland, and the lumber floated in big [illegible] on the river. We rode the basket lift 4,655 feet up Mount Areskutan, where the international ski championships are to be held next winter, and looked down into the magnificence of the Åre Valley. On a Sunday afternoon the train rolled into Oestersund on Lake Storsjoen, and we rode out to the tiny Froesoen Church on an island and sat in silence while an organ played the music of Peterson-Berger, who was strange and famous and lived nearby.

ON the fourth day out of Stockholm, the Sunlit Nights Land Cruise crossed the Arctic Circle and pulled into the tiny station called Polcirkeln. The explorers got a speech and a certificate from King Boreas, who in more serious hours is the assistant station manager at Kiruna. The king was glad to see us, and well he might have been, for we were enrichening the area not only with our money but with our blood. The blood was for the mosquitoes, who smacked their lips over the prospect of all those rich American corpuscles and did gleeful barrel rolls in the heavens as they zoomed down to supper. A preparation called Djungel Olja makes you smell like rotten eggs to a mosquito, but we applied it in heavy doses so the stingers couldn't get a footing even if they could stand the odor. It wasn't necessary to venture into the northern djungels to find the mosquitoes, for people standing on the railway station were brushing the young vampires away with switches cut from birch trees. It's an old north-country custom. That night at Bjoerkliden, on an equal latitude with the middle of Greenland or the top of Alaska, the sun didn't bother to set at all. We



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Hotel, an establishment which maintains a rack for mosquito switches outside its front door, and signed up for golf on its course, which I have come to reflect on fondly as Buzzing Bunkers. At midnight we teed off, driving the ball and the mosquitoes, with a Lapp in full regalia for a caddy. By full regalia I mean a blue tunic caught with a great leather belt, blue knickers trimmed with red, and a hat with an immense pompon. At any rate, it was enough to scare the mosquitoes away, for they never raised a Lappish welt on his skin, which was unvarnished with oil of the jungles.

The greens proved to be really browns, and the Lapp proved hardly a caddy, since he merely carried the bag, distributed new balls, and remained happily oblivious of where the old ones landed. If for nothing else than the sheer novelty of it, the links at Bjoerkliden proved one of the rare places in the world where a man could in good conscience waltz home at two in the morning and tell the wife he had come straight from the golf course.

LAPPS who follow more natural pursuits than caddying for Americans who play golf in the midnight sun are more difficult to find, for up here there are few roads and the sole connecting link between many communities is the Swedish State Railways. Up at the edge of the Norwegian border we left the train for a day and, decked out in knee-high boots, followed a guide into the world of Lapland. Except for Russia, the Swedish mountain regions form the largest wilderness in Europe, and civilization fell away abruptly behind the depot at Vassijaure. We emerged within minutes into a land of midsummer snowfields, rolling marshes, and 4,000-foot peaks dappled with snow. It was a four-mile walk to the first lake, which lay banked with snow and

A Lapp caddy at Bjoerkliden.

spotted with icebergs. An outboard motorboat took us across, but then we had to portage the motor across two more lakes until, ten miles from the depot, we found a Lapp camp. It had taken us three hours to get there, but all we found was a bronzed Lapp woman and a five-year-old boy, with widespread Asiatic eyes and an elfin look, dressed in a red Lapp suit and a black hat that looked like a chauffeur's. Everybody else had crossed over the next mountain into Norway, following the reindeer herd. There was a pile of clean reindeer horns and a house that looked rather like a mud-and-stone igloo with a wooden door. Our hostess, who had been wearing her Lapp cap and an old print dress, disappeared for some minutes and returned done up in her red and blue Lapp costume, carrying a chunk of cried meat under [illegible] we sat at the table and drank Lapp coffee with lump sugar and pulled on pieces of dried reindeer, which in all ways resembles dark red leather.

ON THE way back home we found another Lapp tent along the lake filled with a family of five children in bright orange and blue and red costumes. We braved the family dogs that looked like Spitzes and acted like wolves, and sat on reindeer skins which covered a carpet of birch branches. An iron pot simmered over an open fire in the middle of the tent floor, the smoke curling out of the roof. We got no coffee, probably because the lady of the place was too busy turning out a red and blue belt on a sewing machine that rested on the birch branches near the portable radio.

We found our train back at its siding some hours later. People were sitting in the bar drinking beer, reading the Paris *Herald Tribune*, listening to the loudspeaker which was dispensing the "Grand Canyon" Suite piped from a tape recorder in the club car. On the lawn by the station an old Lapp woman was selling slippers of reindeer hide and brushing away clouds of mosquitoes, which should have had more sense since she had skin like a T-34 tank and the slippers smelled worse than a man swabbed in Djungel Olja. The program called for dinner that night in a nearby resort hotel, then a trip up a mountain to look at the midnight sun. The next day we were to look at Narvik, and after that we would shoot the rapids at Kiruna in a long boat. It was enough to make any man fresh from the tundra long for nightfall. Unfortunately, the sun wasn't scheduled to set for another three weeks.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
DOUBLES IN DEATH *William Gresh* (Crime Club $2.50)	Country gal gets crush on N.Y. ad tycoon; he has hell of a time.	Character study rather than mystery; some strains on plausibility.	See-all technique effective in spots
POISONS UNKNOWN *Frank Kane* (Washburn: $2.50)	Pvt. Eye Johnny Liddell takes New Orleans apart (we counted eleven corpses)	Gangsters, molls, bad cops, dope, blackmail, red plots —you name it, he's got it.	Hammy, but it does move
THE VELVET HAND *Helen Reilly* (Random House: $2.50)	Snatch plot tosses N.Y. suburbanites into tizzy; Insp. McKee goes quietly to work.	Professional job (lady's twenty-seventh), but solution not unguessable; pace heady.	Slick performance
BEGGAR'S CHOICE *H. C. Branson* (Simon & Shuster: $2.50)	John Bent, gentle eye, looks into "natural" death of moneyed oldster; gets results.	Quietly suspenseful, fully adult achievement (do 'em oftener, mister).	Highly recommended

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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The Museum of Albi

THERE are many indications that Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, fifty-two years after his early death, is reaching a popular fame comparable to that of Gauguin and Van Gogh. No one has yet written about him a book so successful as Somerset Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence" or Irving Stone's "Lust for Life," which focused the public's attention on Gauguin and Van Gogh respectively. The best biography of Lautrec in English is Grestle Mack's solemn work, based on actual documents rather than on storytelling license (Maugham) or melodramatic distortions (Stone). But lately a film on Lautrec has done for him what fictionalized biography has not—made him a subject of discussion among thousands and thousands of people to whom art is of little interest without attendant details of eccentric behavior and personality. "Moulin Rouge," with the ubiquitous Jose Ferrer stumping about in emulation of the crippled Lautrec, is apparently a commercial success. The artist whose life it portrays is today probably known by name to more Americans than any other nineteenth-century painter except Van Gogh.

The problem always in these cases of popular apotheosis is whether basic talent can stand the strain, whether a given artist's *professional* reputation will gain or suffer from the public's new adoration. In Lautrec's case the most convincing imaginable answer is given in the Palais de la Berbie at Albi, where a great number of his works have been assembled permanently in an extraordinarily beautiful, rose-colored medieval building that was for six centuries the residence of the bishops and archbishops of the city—a fact that could not have failed to delight Lautrec in his more sardonic moments. At Albi, amid surroundings whose monumentality would challenge the authority of a Veronese or a Rubens, Lautrec goes it alone. On an upper floor of the palace there are other modern paintings, mainly contributed by artist-friends of Lautrec like Matisse, Bonnard, and Vuillard. But these pictures are not numerous; few are of real importance except as touching proof of the esteem in which Lautrec's memory is held by his colleagues. Lautrec alone carries the show.

And what a show it is! Drawings, prints, posters, and paintings are distributed throughout the galleries in heady profusion. Yet the total effect is the opposite of monotonous, despite a relative narrowness of range in subject matter. Lautrec deliberately restricted himself to figures and scenes he knew by heart—portraits of friends, nightclub interiors, the circus, the life and ravages of the Oldest Profession, celebrities of the theatre, fashion, and sport. Yet his eye was so incredibly vivid, his draftsmanship so incisive and swift, his sense of style so original that the over-all impression conveyed by his museum at Albi is one of breathtaking vitality and change.

HOW could Lautrec have maintained this creative pace without flagging? Deformed, ill, horribly dissipated, he was somehow able to produce an amazing amount of work in which only very rarely is there any let-down of impetus. He was like a spider, ugly, black, and small, but weaving indefatigably the finest web to catch and hold quivering the life of his time. If his draftsmanship ever suggests gossamer, it is always taut and deceptively strong. Those little zig-zags of line through which he would define, for example, the turn of a horses's hoof, are just and unyielding: he understood movement thoroughly and instantly; he never let it blur.

long been acknowledged, of course. In fact it threatened for a while to obscure his gifts as a colorist, and I can remember an occasion twenty years ago when an aged, wise Frenchwoman tried to persuade a group of us that Lautrec was far more than a first-rate graphic artist. She was right. At Albi the very number of his paintings, ranging from small sketches to big compositions, brings out his interest in color, so that one understands why colorists like Vuillard and Bonnard looked up to him. There are, for example, two versions of the famous picture of prostitutes seated on a round ottoman in the drawing room of a *maison close*. They are executed in completely different tonalities, pointing up the care of his research in color. Moreover, within the broad, flat patterns of yellow, blue, black, and red which made him famous as a designer of posters there are, in his paintings, gradations that often repay the closest attention. We should never forget that unlike many members of his symbolist generation of the 1890's, Lautrec admired Degas far more than Gauguin, who deliberately pushed his bold colors *en bloc* to the surface of the canvas.

Some time ago in this column I spoke about gaslight's being helpful to Lautrec's aims in that it penetrated flesh, as electric light does not, and stimulated the painter's interest in translucence. I still think there is no more remarkable passage in all his art than that in the Chicago Art Institute's large nightclub scene, where the gaslight discovers the blood be-

Toulouse-Lautrec at work—"over-all impression of breathtaking vitality and change."

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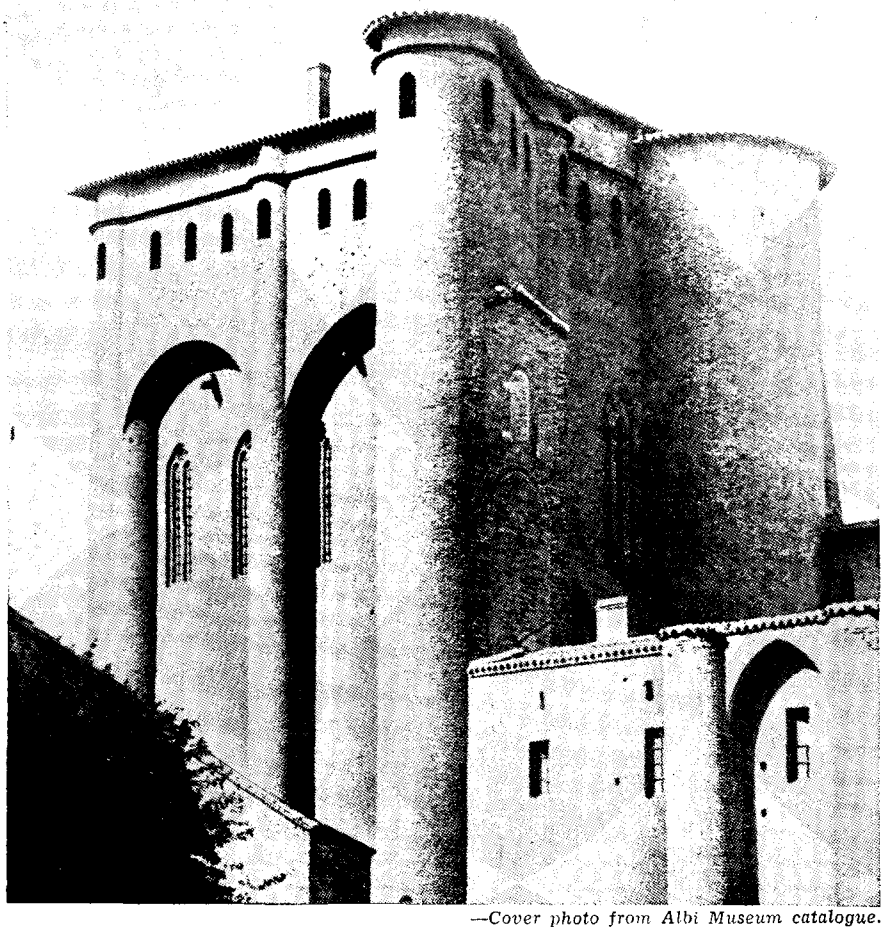

—Cover photo from Albi Museum catalogue.

Le Musée d' Albi—"business was poor before the Lautrec museum opened."

neath the sallow, white make-up of the woman in the foreground. But at Albi one sees more clearly than ever before that Lautrec's handling of daylight was just as perceptive. The picture there called "La Modiste" proves my point, I think. The daylight envelopes the figure with unforgettable tenderness and truth.

THERE is a good color reproduction of "La Modiste" in the catalogue of the Albi Museum. The text of the catalogue is by L. Charles Bellet, and everyone seriously interested in Lautrec should read it. After recounting the history of the marvelous Palais de la Berbie, M. Bellet goes on to describe succinctly the facts of the painter's life. He then tells the brave story of how the Museum came into being. It seems that as long ago as 1909 a group of young admirers of Lautrec organized a retrospective show at Toulouse and thereafter proposed to erect a suitable memorial to the artist. The project was vetoed by Lautrec's impossible father, and not until after the latter's death at Albi in 1913 was Lautrec's devoted mother able to encourage friends of the painter with their plans. In 1922 the city of Albi took title to the works left by Lautrec at his death and the first galleries of the present museum were opened. The Comtesse de Toulouse-Lautrec lived to see these galleries dedicated to her son. She died before the shattering success of his memorial exhibition in Paris (1931) paved the way for a drastic expansion of the Lautrec collection in the Albi Museum, gifts pouring in from personal and professional friends.

Today Lautrec is more magnificently commemorated at Albi than any French easel painter I can think of. He deserves his reward. But so do many other great—and greater—French artists of the past hundred years. Yet the museum at Montpellier, containing superb Courbets and other pictures from the Bruyas collection, doesn't even have a checklist in print. At Aix-en-Provence there isn't one major work by Cézanne in the museum, and the struggle continues to buy as a public monument his modest studio there. Maybe French officialdom should listen to the proprietor of the little hotel at Albi, who said that business was poor before the Lautrec museum opened. And added, pleased and astonished: "Last week a man and his wife were here from Idaho."

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

A Master Reduced

John Pope-Hennessy's "Fra Angelico" *(Phaidon Press-Garden City Books. 213 pp. 140 plates, 7 of them in color. $15) reproduces and appraises the work of one of the great fifteenth century Florentine painters. Our reviewer, S. Lane Faison, Jr., is chairman of the department of fine arts at Williams College.*

By S. Lane Faison, Jr.

WITH the publication of his monograph on the great Florentine Paolo Uccello, some two years ago John Pope-Hennessy gave ample evidence that his command of the field of Italian painting extends beyond Siena and her fifteenth-century masters. He also demonstrated a deepening and maturing of judgment over the rather stiff tone that had limited the range of his early monographs on Sassetta and Giovanni di Paolo, where he had seemed to know all about those masters but missed their enchantment. Yet this could not be true, because his eye for style was so extraordinarily acute, and the incisiveness of his new attributions and rejections was the surest sign of sensitivity to the forms of art.

The present book extends the study of Florentine painting to Fra Angelico a contemporary of Uccello's who reflects very different phases of Renaissance life. It firmly establishes Pope-Hennessy as a major scholar and critic in a field which was beginning to seem overworked and drained of the possibility of new discovery. Its most important contribution is a searching review of all the painting attributed to Fra Angelico, to determine how much of it was actually his own. The result is a radical reduction of what had been accepted by writers like Berenson, Douglas, Schottmüller, van Marle and Bazin. Since it is recorded that Fra Angelico had four assistants both at Rome and at Orvieto, Pope-Hennessy surmises that a similar situation obtained at the Dominican monastery of San Marco in Florence, where he painted his most celebrated frescoes and altarpieces. As result of these very convincing eliminations, Fra Angelico emerges with greatly increased stature, capable of effects of quiet and contemplative grandeur, and innocent of many cute and cloying concoctions to which his name has become attached in museums on both sides of the Atlantic.

If Pope-Hennessy's analysis is correct, the only works by Fra Angelico in the United States are the Crucifix-

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on in the Fogg Museum, two fragments of an Annunciation in the Ford Collection (Detroit), a Temptation of St. Anthony at Houston, part of a predella concerning Saints Cosmas and Damian (National Gallery), and perhaps a St. Francis at Philadelphia and a drawing at Buffalo. All other panels at Boston, New York, and Washington Mr. Pope-Hennessy assigns to assistants, whether anonymous or identified like the charming Zanobi Strozzi.

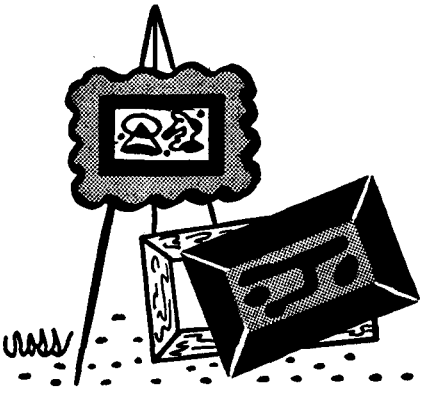
SEVERAL favorites at the Museo di San Marco in Florence, such as the Madonna of the Star and the little double panel of the Annunciation and Adoration of the Magi, suffer the same fate, and all but six of forty-three frescoes in the monastic cells are rejected as authentic works of Fra Angelico. The Annunciation in the Prado is classified as a studio variant of the great early altarpiece at Cortona, which it closely resembles, and the Last Judgment panels at Berlin and San Marco are assigned the same relationship to an authentic work in the Corsini Gallery, Rome.

The excellent and numerous plates make these choices both comprehensible and, to this reviewer, persuasive. Detailed photographs are limited to works of Fra Angelico, but one or two details of works assigned to assistants (the Master of Cell 31, for example) would have been welcome additions. All color plates are repeated in black and white, a practice that cannot be too highly recommended for a book of this sort, where argument from visual evidence must assume a constant frame of visual reference.

If the foregoing comments seem addressed primarily to close students of Fra Angelico's work, they are consistent with the general tone of the book itself. I fully support Pope-Hennessy's implied assumption that only through close and devoted study can the great masters ever be known. But his conclusions have a more general relevance. Fra Angelico's art was a direct expression of his mode of life, detached from the secular world of the Renaissance yet very much aware of it, contemplative rather than evangelical or visionary. He was a truly religious man who found in the secular world not a barrier but an avenue to religious expression. He was not the medieval anachronism some writers have presented. On the contrary, his late and most "Renaissance" work at Rome rivals in quality and interest the work done at San Marco. Furthermore, it extends the new spatial freedom in landscape and architectural effects which he had already achieved in the wonderful predella panels for the San Marco altarpiece. Pope-Hennessy maintains that two of the noblest of the San Marco frescoes, an Annunciation and a Virgin and Child with Saints were painted after Fra Angelico's return from Rome, and to prove the point he contrasts another Annunciation, one of the authentic Fra Angelicos among the frescoes in the cells. It is doubtful that any future writer on this artist will wish to follow the conventional estimate of him as a delicate medieval spirit thrown into a harsh secular world who came to grief in trying to adapt its forms to his own. Pope-Hennessy argues incisively for the benefical impact of Masaccio's work in liberating Fra Angelico from inherited cliches.

Yet he was undeniably a conservative, both in his life and his art. To the many indications of his attachment to tradition which Pope-Hennessy provides, I should like to add two more, both of them in the Deposition. The thin-nosed elderly bystander with hands crossed on his breast strongly suggests Pietro Lorenzetti, a major Sienese painter of the fourteenth century, and the youth to the right of him recalls those dapper spectators who stand in the center of the fresco of the Raising of Tabitha at the Carmine Church, Florence, and who provide the clearest evidence that in this area of the wall the painter was not Masaccio but his reactionary mentor, Masolino.

After pondering the many rejections made from Fra Angelico's *oeuvre,* I oppose only one of them with any vehemence: the predella of the Coronation in the Louvre. Pope-Hennessy believes this picture was only half painted (the top half) when Fra Angelico left it for another commission, and that it was completed by a rather prosaic painter who had a much more scholarly grasp of Renaissance perspective than Fra Angelico had yet achieved. I cannot agree, however, that this later hand is responsible for the predella, especially the part which shows St. Peter and St. Paul appearing to St. Dominic in an arcade exactly as fanciful (though apparently fully Renaissance) as the arcade of the Cortona Annunciation.



The Compleat Master

Ludwig Münz's "Rembrandt's Etchings" *(Phaidon Press-Garden City Books. Two vols. $30) offers a complete set of fine full-size reproductions, together with an informed analysis of the great Dutch master's work. Mr. Rosenberg, who appraises it below, is professor of fine arts at Harvard and himself the author of a study of the art of Rembrandt.*

By Jakob Rosenberg

MODERN criticism of Rembrandt's etchings came into its stride during the second half of the nineteenth century. It was in particular the exhibition of Rembrandt's graphic work in 1877 at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in London which started a prolonged and fruitful discussion on the validity of the traditional attributions. Too many etchings connected with the name of the great Dutch master failed to satisfy the critical eye of Seymour Haden, Middleton, and others, outstanding in their time as Rembrandt connoisseurs. In this discussion artists not only contradicted critics but each other, often with exaggerated claims for the validity of their own expert judgment. A memorable case was that of the renowned etcher Alphonse Legros, who rejected or doubted all but seventy-one plates out of the more than three hundred original etchings now generally accepted.

But by the early Nineties this situation was well in hand with the appearance of D. Rovinski's comprehensive catalogue of Rembrandt's etchings (St. Petersburg, 1890) and an additional catalogue of the etchings of the Rembrandt School (St. Petersburg, 1894). W. von Seidlitz in 1895 added intelligent criticism in his list of Rembrandt's graphic works, and when the last of the classic catalogues of Rembrandt's etchings appeared, that of Arthur M. Hind (1912), no masterworks by the great Dutch artist remained to be rescued from over-critical rejection. Hind presented Rembrandt's etchings in a convincing chronological order, and his catalogue has stood up remarkably well under the expanding criticism of the last forty years.

So "Rembrandt's Etchings," the two-volume work by Ludwig Münz, which the Phaidon Press recently brought out as a handsome addition to its publications of "Rembrandt's Paintings," by A. Bredius, and of "Rembrandt's Drawings," by O. Benesch, cannot change our concept of the

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way. The art-loving public, however, will be grateful for such a complete set of full-size reproductions, done with considerable care, and Rembrandt collectors and scholars will eagerly use this newest catalogue which is the result of a long and painstaking specialization. For the reproductions the half-tone process has been chosen, since it allows a fair amount of clarity in the rendering of Rembrandt's intricate linework. However, the intention to preserve as much as possible of the linear structure seems responsible for the restrained use of deeper darks. The result is not infrequently a uniform grayness, with too little contrast. There is perhaps no way out of this dilemma, and the decision of the author and the publisher was the best that could be made.

In his extensive text Mr. Münz makes a great effort to amplify our knowledge of the different states of the etchings; to bring corrections into the chronological order; to explain the technical tricks and habits of the master; to separate, by further sifting, his work from that of his close followers, and above all, to show the many influences which played upon Rembrandt in the course of his long development.

THE first volume, containing the reproductions of the originals—they are grouped according to subject matter and within each group arranged chronologically—is headed by a discussion of Rembrandt's development, with perhaps too much emphasis on the pictorial sources among contemporary or earlier graphic works. While one is grateful for such ample illustrative material, the point is overdone. Often the relationship seems only accidental. If, however, a motif is clearly derived — whether from Dürer or Mantegna, from Lucas van Leyden or Buytewech, from Tempesta or the Master B. with the Dice (the last one a discovery by Mr. Münz) —the transformation in Rembrandt's hands is always more revealing than the fact of its derviation. I cannot help feeling that a deeper insight into the artist's profound originality and his highly individual style would have given the author a more balanced perspective on this "influence" phenomenon.

As for Mr. Münz's efforts to revise the chronology of Rembrandt's etchings, it is hard to see that they bring great improvements. To mention only a few rather prominent examples: neither his setting back of the "Hundred Guilder Print" (from 1649 to 1642-45), or of the wonderful little "Agony in the Garden" (from 1657 to 1655)—nor his advancing in date of the "Christ Carried to the Tomb" (from 1645 to 1653), or of "La Petite Tombe" (from 1652 to 1656) carry much conviction. Here Hind's dating seems preferable and more sound. Münz is of course right in his emphasis on the power of Rembrandt's latest style which reaches into the early Sixties with the final version of "The Three Crosses"—a point already duly clarified by Theodor Musper some twenty years ago.

THE second volume contains as its most substantial contribution the elaborate catalogue with the revision of the states, the account of the literature on each individual print, and, when necessary, a discussion of its chronological position or its iconographical meaning. As for the last point, there are still some famous Rembrandt prints, such as the so-called "Dr. Faust" and "The Phoenix," where no general agreement has been reached. In these cases Mr. Münz's critical account of the literature, as well as his own contributions, could be more penetrating. It seems hardly justified to dismiss with one superficial remark such a significant discovery as M. Bojanowski's proper reading of the anagram in the Faust etching.

Mr. Münz's chapter on Technique, which precedes the catalogue, is by far the best part of his book. Here he succeeds in combining exact observations with literary sources. He makes it certain, for instance, that Rembrandt used a soft white etching ground on which the work with the needle had an effect similar to that of drawing with red chalk on white paper. The book concludes with a number of essays on Rembrandt's pupils and an attempt to bring more order into the group of doubtful and rejected etchings, mostly of inferior quality. The untiring efforts of the author deserves as much credit as the publishers' generosity in including so many reproductions merely for the sake of scholarly clarification.

Three studies of old men's heads.

Three heads of women, one asleep.

Saint Paul.

—*Illustrations from "Rembrandt's Etchings."*

Saint Jerome.

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Art of the Identical

William M. Ivins, Jr.'s "Prints and Visual Communication" *(Harvard. 190 pp. $8.50) traces the evolution of the print and undertakes to find a pattern of significance. It is reviewed here by the curator of prints and drawings at the Philadelphia Museum of Art.*

By Carl Zigrosser

A NEW book by William M. Ivins, Jr., is always an exciting event, for unquestionably he is one of the most intelligent and literate and provocative of writers on graphic art. His great achievement in building up the print department of the New York Metropolitan Museum from scratch into a world-famous print collection gives him the privilege of speaking with authority in his chosen field. Yet withal, his new volume, "Prints and Visual Communication," is at times a difficult and exasperating book to read for reasons that will be set forth.

The text consists of a series of eight lectures, delivered at the Lowell Institute of Boston, with the stated aim: "To find a pattern of significance in the story of prints." His thesis has three main points. The first is the major role which the "exactly repeatable pictorial statement"—in other words, the print or printed picture—has played in the civilization of the Western world. He justifies this by proving that one cannot precisely describe an object, such as a plant or tool, by words alone or by any other means except the visual image; and that exact replicas of such an image in quantity are essential to that cumulative building-up of knowledge about things which has created our civilization. He contrasts the previous meager state of technology with its fuller development after the introduction of printmaking methods (such as the woodcut and copper engraving) at the beginning of the fifteenth century in Europe. (He ignores, in his argument, China's priority of at least six centures in the invention of the woodcut.)

The second point is concerned with the crystalization of line engraving (dominant during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries) into a routine system of technical conventions for the representation of form and volume and texture—what he calls the syntax of engraving—and how it seriously impaired the factual accuracy of the print as a reproductive medium. Here the argument is concerned not with science (which seems to have gotten along quite well during the period) but with the reproduction of works of art; and the author ingeniously shows how this "syntax" conditioned thought and affected the validity of art criticism and connoisseurship in the past.

The nineteenth century saw the introduction of new print mediums, wood-engraving and lithography; and most important of all—this being his third major point—the significance of the invention of photography. Photography, together with the photomechanical printing processes based on it, he characterizes as "one of the most amazing discoveries that man has ever made—a cheap and easy means of symbolic communication without syntax"; and consequently the final climax to the history of prints.

The first thesis, the recognition of the over-all cultural importance of the printmaking techniques (first set forth, if I recollect aright, in a lecture at the Grolier Club in the 1920's) is perhaps Mr. Ivins's greatest contribution to print history. For the first time it provides a rational explanation why not all prints are works of art, since printmaking can serve a utilitarian and scientific as well as an esthetic function. But because prints are habitually regarded as works of art (even though such prints are vastly outnumbered by the other kind), he chooses to adopt a quantitative rather than a qualitative criterion: "I propose to regard artistic merit as a matter of subsidiary importance, and to look at the evidence from the point of view of that communication of visual information and ideas which, for the last four centuries, has been the primary function of the exactly repeatable statement."

IF HE had treated prints solely for their contribution to science and technology, or as purveyors of general information, one could not take issue with his declared intent. But when he interpolates a somewhat haphazard historical summary of the art, including certain value judgments on the artists, he exposes himself to the charge of ambiguity, for he does not indicate whether his conclusions are drawn with reference to technology or art or both. For instance, just what does he mean, when in discussing photomechanical halftone engravings, he states: "It is in them that the aquatint with which Goya made his prints has come to its final great fruition"? His comments on certain printmakers of the past are obviously biased and sometimes inconsistent. In "Prints and Books" he often looks at the work of the same artists with a much less jaundiced eye. The inconsistencies generally arise when the author follows his impulse, in conflict with his basic judgment, to deliver a wisecrack for shock value.

Mr. Ivins is most enthusiastic in his exposition of the impact of photography upon modern life, science, and industry. It is only in the field of art, due in part to his self-imposed limitation, that one feels he has not come to grips with the realities of today. For photography has also affected printmaking by taking over its utilitarian functions, and has compelled the graphic artist of today to find a new justification for his endeavor: original creative expression. It is a pity that Mr. Ivins has not explored this fascinating field, instead of tilting at the windmills of the 1880's: Sumner's "Best Portraits," Hamerton, Jacquemart, and the like. Engraved portraits and reproductive etchings have been dead ducks for well over a generation. One would not gather from reading his book that any original creative prints had been made during the twentieth century.

In short, Mr. Ivins has produced a controversial work, marshaling his pet theories more like a debater's thesis or a lawyer's charge to a jury, wherein he seeks to impress and confuse and shock the general reader. It requires patience and understanding not only to discount the polemics and the personality but also to uncover the hard original thinking and the brilliant insights concerning prints which are in this specialist's book. But I can say it was worth the effort. The eighty-four illustrations, chiefly enlarged fragments of prints, are arranged in a way that disturbs the easy reading of the text.

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Art Book Notes

FINE RENOIR ALBUM: The large new **"Renoir"** (Phaidon Press—Garden City Books, $8.50) is a handsome companion to the same publisher's volumes on Cézanne and Van Gogh. These monographs uniformly combine a short text with some ninety excellent plates in black-and-white as well as seventeen in color. Although there is no real scarcity as far as picture books on Renoir are concerned (particularly since the 1950 publication of the Abrams volume in the "Library of Great Painters" with fifty color plates) this English-produced album intelligently avoids duplication of plates as far as possible. Next to the more famous and "unavoidable" works of Renoir it features a good proportion of reproductions not to be found elsewhere. It should be added, however, that in three cases where color plates of the same paintings appear in both volumes, the reproductions in the Phaidon book seem more subtle and faithful. If in general the color reproductions of the Phaidon volume are somewhat flat and dull, the black-and-white plates, on the other hand, are deep and rich. A bluish-black ink gives them a plasticity not achieved in some of the same plates for the volume on the Impressionists issued by the same publisher.

The plates are arranged in chronological order and thus afford the reader an opportunity to follow Renoir's evolution from his early works influenced by Courbet to his scintillating impressionist canvases and then, through his more arid and "ingresque" period, towards the opulence of his last years.

William Gaunt's introduction is more or less what one has come to expect from such texts which are frequently nothing but an unread ornament to picture books. While it does not contain any new material or original thoughts, it does sum up, in an easy and fluent conversational style, the life and work of Renoir. The uninformed reader may find here all he wishes to know about the painter.

It seems a pity that the short bibliography should be so incomplete; it fails to list, among others, Haesaert's book on Renoir's sculpture. As to the list of plates, it reveals a shortcoming frequently to be found in publications of this type: a good number of owners, particularly Americans, are given incorrectly. (No. 7 is now in the Barnes Foundation; No. 15 was left by Maurice Wertheim to the Fogg Museum; No. 27 no longer belongs to Stephen C. Clark; No. 35 is no longer in the Art Institute in Chicago but belongs to Leigh Block of that same city; No. 36 is now in the collection of David Rockefeller, etc.) But these are minor flaws. On the whole, this fine book deserves to be well received and its price, as art books go, seems quite reasonable. —JOHN REWALD.

THE SPHINX OF DELFT: One of the several ways in which the paintings of Vermeer are unique is that they fascinate both layman and professional. The latter, however, finds in him a disconcerting enigma to which the layman is oblivious. He has been called "The Sphinx of the Delft." It is to this elusiveness that Lawrence Gowing applies himself in the first third of his book, **"Vermeer"** (Beechurst, $8.50). Here we have a painter whose subject matter was the commonplace of his period—music lessons, letter writers and readers, a man and woman drinking wine. Superficially his technique is not unusual. But from here on we must deal with a man painting in the first person about whose life and personality we know very little. That he painted objectively—sense perception placed on the canvas with great skill—all will agree. A wedge of light becomes a finger, a nose, the end of a flute; a shadow becomes an eyelid, or again, a finger. Yet the models are a silent, withdrawn race, passive objects in a state of pause. Musicians at their keyboard or strings that are not playing; couples that do not communicate; indeed, no one communicates in a Vermeer painting except by letters to and from unseen correspondents.

All this Professor Gowing ponders, searching for the philosophy or turn of personality of the idiosyncratic painter. What is his mental furniture and what is his process of apperception? In so doing, Gowing at times appears obscure; he postulates freely on the unconscious of a man of whom little is known, which in a quest of this sort is a calculated risk.

The remainder of the book is carried out along conventional art historical lines. The few known facts of Vermeer's life, derived chiefly from the municipal records of seventeenth-century Delft, are stated on one page; for the documentation and an elaboration of the data the reader is referred to other works devoted to such matters. Professor Gowing then lists each painting for which page plates are provided, plus ample detail plates (eighty in all). He devotes more attention than did his predecessors to the paintings hanging on the walls of the Vermeer interiors, thereby adding to the inconography. The artist's sources and the artist as a source himself are well examined with three dozen *en texte* reproductions illustrating this process. —L. R. SANDER.

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended notice in early issues

ANTHEM. By Ayn Rand. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. $3. A look into the future, where progress has ceased and the world is occupied by automatons, and of how two of them—Equality 7-2521 and Liberty 5-3000 (male and female)—accidentally discover remains of human existence, and so learn the meaning of the word which started all the trouble in the first place—ego.

CAROLINE COQUETTE. By Cecil Saint-Laurent. Translated by Lawrence G. Blochman. New York: Prentice-Hall. $3.50. Caroline Coquette, who got her fictional start in "Cherie," is exactly what her name says she is. Her further amatory peregrinations, as set down here, occur during the time of Napoleon in London, France, and Italy.

EMILE ZOLA. By F. W. J. Hemmings. New York: Oxford University Press. $6. A new critical biography of the nineteenth-century French novelist, who is held largely responsible for starting the naturalistic school of fiction.

HISTORICAL METROLOGY. By A. E. Berriman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.75. A short history of the weights and measures used throughout the world since ancient times, with discussions of such avoirdupois-determining methods as the Wirksworth dish, the fotmal, and the auncel weight.

JAPAN AND AMERICA TODAY. By Edwin O. Reischauer and others. Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press. $3. A series of seven discussions, which grew out of a recent conference held in Honolulu under the auspices of the Institute of Pacific Relations, on the present-day relations of Japan and America.

THE KENTUCKIANS. By Janice Holt Giles. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. A thoroughly researched historical novel dealing with the first Kentucky settlement, five thousand armed Indians, a tri-cornered love affair, and such old notables as Patrick Henry and George Rogers Clark.

THE LIFE OF ALFIERI. By Count Vittorio Alfieri. Translated by Sir Henry McAnally. Lawrence: University of Kansas Press. $5. The first English translation of the autobiography (held by many to be the equal of Benvenuto Cellini's) of Italy's great nineteenth-century classical tragedian.

PLOUGH AND PASTURE: The Early History of Farming. By E. Cecil Curwen and Gudmund Hatt. New York: Henry Schuman. $5. An Englishman and a Dane tell, with many illustrations, of the general origins of agriculture and stockbreeding and of how they developed up to the time of the machine age.

SNOW OF KANSAS. By Clyde K. Hyder. Lawrence: University of Kansas Press. $5. A biography of Francis Huntington Snow, who was Chancellor of the University of Kansas after the Civil War, and was mainly responsible while in office for shaping that university into what it is today.

SOCIETY AND THE HOMOSEXUAL. By Gordon Westwood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. A study of homosexuality and its present position in society.

THINKING AND EXPERIENCE. By H. H. Price. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. $5. A cumulative work by a British philosopher at Oxford who works in the tradition outlined by Locke, Berkeley, and Hume.

A WOMAN AS GREAT AS THE WORLD And Other Fables. By Jacquetta Hawkes. New York: Random House. $2.75. A collection of eighteen modern fables of varying length in the Aesop tradition, written by the author of "A Land."

THE WORDLY PHILOSOPHERS: The Lives, Times and Ideas of the Great Economic Thinkers. By Robert L. Heilbroner. New York: Simon & Schuster. $5. A collection of critical-biographical sketches of the world's great economic thinkers from Adam Smith through Marx and Henry George down to J. M. Keynes.

YANKEE PHOTOGRAPHER. By George Hill. New York: Coward-McCann. $5. The reminiscences of a news photographer who got his start at the age of nineteen with the *Boston Post* and ended up as a well-known photographer for the Boston office of the Wide World Syndicate.
—W. B.

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Continued from page 21

great age. I read Pope and Gray and Goldsmith and backward still through Richardson and Fielding. I read the letters and diaries of Miss Burney because Dr. Johnson calls her his "dear little Fanny." (The view there is unimportant but amusing.) And that leads me forward once more to Jane Austen. I could not proceed at a pace so leisurely were I twenty once more and in haste to keep up with the fashionable cults. I go where I like. I read Gibbon one week and Sarah Orne Jewett the next, with catholic pleasure. Henry James entertains me not because he is in the mode but because he is enthralling, and I continue to prefer "The Bostonians" to "The Golden Bowl." I do not need to praise Kafka; and I can keep Montaigne and Clarence Day and Coleridge on the same bedside stand.

Because I am grown-up I am under no compulsion from either the critics or the professors to like *anything*. If I try "Tristam Shandy" and find it heavy going, I admit it and never open the second volume. If I do not agree with the world that "Moby Dick" is the Great American Novel, studded with the richest possible symbolism, I need not pretend to enjoy Melville. I think Trollope dull. That is nothing against Trollope; I need not dwell in the country he has invented.

And it is wonderful to be a member of no party! I pick my own way among the landmarks. No Baedaker distracts me from the scenery. I can be behind-times enough to like Tennyson and Browning. I can prefer Crawshaw to Donne and Willa Cather to Ronald Firbank. I can read (and disagree with) Virginia Woolf on Monday and on Tuesday begin an amiable quarrel with Newman; nor do I find it a dizzy flight. And so much still to see! Peak upon peak unfolds. But there are also delightful little fenced fields and flowery culverts where I can rest when I do not wish to climb. I have not yet read "War and Peace." But then I've never read anything by Rider Haggard, either, or Wilkie Collins, or anything of Mary Webb's except "Precious Bane." I haven't read Pepys's Diary or Katherine Mansfield's. I have "The House of Seven Gables" ahead of me, and I have also "Our Mutual Friend."

FOR of all my discoveries, nearly the most breathless was Dickens, himself. How many of the educated

—Jacket by Charlie Speers for "A Ladies' Day."

can even suspect the delights of such a delayed encounter? I think we owned a "Collected Works" when I was a child. But I had tried "David Copperfield" too early and had believed all my life that he was not for me. One night last winter I was sleepless and somehow without a book. From our own shelves I took down "Little Dorrit," which people tell me now is one of the least beguiling of the lot. But Keats first looking on his Homer could have been no more dazzled than I first poring on my Boz. I felt as a treasure-hunter might feel had he tripped over the locked chest that belonged to Captain Kidd. "Oh, my America, my new-found land!" How many novels were there? Thirty-odd? And every one of them still to be possessed! I got as drunk on Dickens for a while as I used to on the Cavalier poets when I first discovered *them*. I read in quick succession, "Great Expectations," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Oliver Twist," "The Pickwick Papers," the very "David Copperfield" which had once put me off, and then the preposterous, magnificent, exasperating, ridiculous, and utterly engrossing "Bleak House." I stopped there for fear I should have a surfeit; but it's consoling to know the rest of the novels are there waiting for me, none of them grown stale or too familiar for enjoyment.

There is still much to deplore about my education. I shall never read Latin verse in the original or have a taste for the Brontës, and those are crippling lacks. But all handicaps have compensations and I have learned to accept both cheerfully. To have first met Dickens, Austen, and Mark Twain when I was capable of giving them the full court curtsy is beatitude enough for any reader. Blessed are the illiterate, for they shall inherit the Word!

Continued from page 16

ably evil people. Gilles de Retz and the Marquis de Sade come to mind. Marie-Madeleine D'Aubray de Brinvilliers who flourished in the reign of Louis XIV belongs with them. "Pretty and much courted . . . with a fascinating air of childish innocence"—so it is recorded—this daughter of one of the land's noblest houses, after long and cold-blooded experiments with those who sought her charity, poisoned her father (whom she appears still to have loved) and arranged for the poisoning of her two brothers. That she did not also poison her sister-in-law and one of her daughters was not in any way her fault.

Mr. Maass's principal object is to make us understand her motivation and if he does not succeed entirely it is because what she feels is so far from what we feel that it is not possible even to imagine ourselves in her place. Other than that he does very well, although I do not like the artificially happy ending which he arranges for the book's second most important character, her lover Briancourt. He also throws a white revealing light upon the Sun King's court. Marie de Brinvilliers was not an isolated character, and it was here, and not by poor Marie Antoinette with her fatuous "let them eat cake," that the seeds of the French Revolution were sown.

Latter-Day Bunyan

SECRET OF ETERNAL LIFE: Henry Myers, author of "The Utmost Island," has written his latest novel about two of his favorite preoccupations: longevity and myth. He has intertwined both in a leisurely fable that succeeds in being at once charming, entertaining, and intellectually stimulating. What more can the reader ask?

There are several qualities which distinguish **"O King, Live For Ever"** (Crown, $3) from the current run of fiction. First, it is written in a lucid prose that is neither monosyllabic nor attenuated. Second, it does not purport to give a worm's-eye view of a limited milieu, like huckstering, or soldiering or drug addiction, but deals rather with the primary fact of life itself. Third, it offers affirmative rather than negative values. If these features make Mr. Myers's novel appear an anachronism, so much the better for Mr. Myers and so much the worse for our times. Besides his vigorous and explicit style, which is

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reminiscent of the nineteenth century in which "O King, Live For Ever" begins, Mr. Myers's old-fashionedness consists of his belief in the hopefulness of life. He persists in regarding man's life neither as a trap nor as a sink of iniquity, but as a priceless boon which should be extended to the farthest horizon possible.

All this is not to suggest that Mr. Meyers's novel in any way resembles a tedious tract in favor of silver linings. Far from it. The author wears both his learning and his optimism lightly, and integrates both in an engaging tale of a Victorian cleric who rediscovered the elixir of life. Paul Gibbs, the protagonist, was born in the 1850's with few natural advantages except a consuming will to survive.

This desire was potent enough to counterbalance Paul's poor constitution, and a hundred years or so later he is still around to tell his own story. Mr. Myers ascribes the key to Paul's longevity to his interpretation of the Chaldean tablets exhumed from the buried library of Sardanapalus at Nineveh, and translated by the Assyriologist George Smith. The tablets give the Chaldean account of the Deluge and, according to Myers, also contain the secret of longevity that passed from the world when the waters receded.

All of these matters are spun into a format that Mr. Myers likens to "The Pilgrim's Progress." To tell the reader precisely what the secret is that Paul Gibbs retrieved from Sardanapalus's tablets would be to deprive him of some of the enjoyment he can receive by discovering the secret for himself via Mr. Myers's story. Suffice it to say that hope and faith play an important part in Paul Gibbs's salvation, as they did in Christian's. —MARTIN LEVIN.

Laborer in Vineyard

By Joseph Joel Keith

LONG, long we search
for the washed word;
for the sound as pure
as a new white bird;
and longer still
by day, by night,
we search for a third:

silence between
inadequate lines,
like reaches that rise
beyond great pines,
like the pure flow
of sacrament
in holy vines.

Our Three-Story Heritage

Continued from page 10

Aristotle, Aquinas, Descartes, Spinoza, and Locke—just as much as we are of Franklin, Jefferson, Edison, and Ford. This holds good even if we happen to be of Red Indian, Negro, Japanese, or Arab stock. For it is the culture pattern that decides.

Habitually U.S. citizens read almost as much English literature as American, and some French, German, and Italian writing. Even when they do not they still feel these influences filtered through American authors who have read them.

In sober fact, our American way of life is largely an ingenious development of social ideas and scientific principles of European origin. Americanism is, properly considered, merely a very successful variant of a larger Occidentalism. Whenever a U.S. citizen visits Europe he is—in the literal geographical sense—going back home. When we speak to other Occidentals we are speaking to our cousins, peoples from countries which our ancestors left centuries or decades ago for the "new country." Once we realize this and act accordingly we shall find no real barriers to understanding.

Yet our present danger is not limited to the Occident. It exists all around the borders of the monolithic Communist bloc. It is as ominous on the shores of the Pacific as on those of the Atlantic. It involves the yellow, brown, and black peoples of Asia and Africa. Therefore, to meet it successfully, remembrance of common Occidentalism is not enough. Many Asians and Africans nurse a resentment against our European cousins. Too close identification with these would be a barrier, not a gateway. To reassure non-whites with whom we have no common cultural heritage we U.S. citizens have to find another language.

Here our own non-white citizens are of no help. With notable exceptions, yellow, brown, and black U.S. immigrants and first-generation citizens have preserved almost nothing of their ancestral folkways. That superb American, Ralph Bunche, may feel a particular sympathy for Africans. But there is no indication that Bunche is better able to cement a two-way understanding with them than, say, Reinhold Niebuhr or Lin Yu-tang.

Yet a two-way understanding must be our goal. And once again the key lies in us. For several reasons, Americans—of all white peoples—should be best qualified to talk man-to-man with anyone. We are, if one believes Gertrude Stein, brought up to "believe in boundlessness." We are also, Thornton Wilder states, "still inventing what it means to be an American." Therefore, he concludes, we Americans "can feel every human being who has existed to be existing now. For the American has the planetary mind."

PLANETARY mind or not, the fact is that we have an unusual share of plain human interest. While the provincial American suffers in "un-American" surroundings, the adventurous American easily makes a home among strangers and is quickly accepted by them. Why not? In his own country everybody is in some sense a foreigner. Once our citizen abroad ceases to look upon strangers as subjects for instruction or "assimilation" and temporarily accepts their attitudes and problems as his own he finds no obstacle to real communion with them.

Moreover, a minority of Americans have never been satisfied to be narrowly American. They have always insisted on getting an education and an outlook in the full Occidental and human senses of those words. These are precisely what effective world leadership requires. American society to survive must learn to trust and follow that sort of American. Repugnant as this prospect still seems to some, cold facts are, in the long run, irresistible. The question is no longer if, but how soon?

Now admittedly, once we begin to think of ourselves in our wholeness —as Americans, as Occidentals, and as members of the human race—we shall start making certain changes in our habits. At home we shall certainly broaden our present teaching. We shall pick up the neglected threads of history, creating young Americans aware not only of their own country's development but of its broader place in the history of the West and of Man. Thus we shall prepare them to fit into an internationally cooperative society. We shall send to Washington individuals with closer knowledge of the outside world and greater sympathy with its many peoples. We shall select our representatives abroad, even those of technical agencies, with less emphasis on technical skill and more on ability to learn foreign languages and to fraternize with foreigners. We shall choose ambassadors able temporarily to think, feel, eat, drink,

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have like the people among whom they are to live.

RECOGNIZING that Americanism is only one of many good ways of life, we shall redirect our potential propaganda away from "selling" (or boasting about) the American way of life. We shall stress those things which we have done, are doing, and intend to do in common with the objects of the propaganda. To West Europe we shall perhaps point out less the originality of a Frank Lloyd Wright as an architect than his similarity to the contemporary European builders. We shall be proud, not resentful, when a European critic classes Mark Twain and Hemingway as stars of Occidental literature. We shall talk less of our U.S. know-how in making A-bombs and H-bombs and more of the mental brilliance of those great European scientists without whom we could hardly have made either.

To non-European allies and neutrals we shall emphasize the broadly human values that stir all men from Morocco to Kamchatka, recognizing their present thirst to enter technological civilization, while respecting their repugnance to many American notions. We shall put far less emphasis on that material abundance which ex-President Truman persisted in calling the "good things of life." We shall concede that achievements in religion, philosophy, science, and art rival, and in the long run outlast, achievements in the economic field. As Christians we not only shall —we must—concede to all human beings full equality of basic status. In short, we shall recognize the primacy of the human soul.

Conceivably, the mere suggestion of broadening the American way of life will elicit protest and vituperation from the narrower types of American patriot. These will again invoke the need for preserving our particularity at any cost. Some of them, doubtless sincerely, would rather see America dead than cosmopolitan. For to them any yielding of Americanism will seem a loss of integrity and stature.

Yet this assumption, however sincere, is the result of a basic misunderstanding. Occidentalism and broad humanity are as much a part of us as American particularity.

In the past the American job required putting an accent on one part of us and we dutifully put it there. Today's American task can be accomplished by nothing less than our total personality. It is time that we again became conscious of our entire mighty heritage.

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(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1010

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Scene of *massacre* of Spanish troops by Moors, 1921, Morocco.	2 21 43 124 143
B. Home of one of the familiar social insects.	89 17 162 146 57 54 96
C. Criticized; determined true relationships.	63 177 90 131 31 93
D. Describing the function of the string one ties around a husband's finger.	152 125 159 91 129 38 24 179
E. A puzzle which hides its meaning under obscure or ambiguous allusions.	87 128 7 107 15 140
F. Imagined creature around whom a recent popular play revolved.	150 115 37 60 99 78
G. Hypothetical core material of the Earth, half nickel, half iron.	106 170 101 119
H. Burning.	92 98 69 12 126 174
I. Gathering of Boy Scouts.	70 16 47 79 100 5 33 113
J. Gaseous element derived from liquid air, used for filling electric light bulbs.	65 85 102 157 148
K. Banquo's son in "Macbeth", legendary ancestor of the Stuarts.	28 44 133 75 171 19 153
L. Pitched baseball that curves suddenly toward a right-handed batter.	121 154 56 180 59 27 108
M. Romanian city important for oil fields captured by Russians, 1944.	3 58 166 144 76 135 1

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Tangle up in a network.	14 66 77 136 22 112
O. In some degree; somewhat.	167 117 141 163 4 41
P. Put off indefinitely.	23 176 84 42 104 71 62
Q. Specifying the ratio of the reciprocals of two quantities.	123 169 67 10 158 138 45
R. Cognizant (2 wds.)	95 155 8 132 61 81 130
S. Tasty dish featuring meat, potatoes, onions, rich gravy (2 wds.)	97 51 103 116 173 6 35 164 9
T. Treaty port at mouth of Han River, China, scene of much hostility to foreigners.	34 114 52 149 109 39
U. Sickly sentimental.	110 68 32 165 48 26 83
V. Family name of the "Spanish dagger," etc.	18 142 175 25 147
W. Voluptuous dance imported into Cuba from Africa, whose music is featured in the opera "Carmen".	86 134 53 160 73 111 178 168
X. New England family, one of whose famous members was first American to receive Ph.D. from Univ. of Göttingen, 1817.	94 13 64 118 50 29 172
Y. Claim aggressively.	72 49 46 36 137 82
Z. Bowhead (2 wds.)	80 105 122 88 139 74 30 127 20 55
Z¹. Interior of a vessel below the lower deck (2 wds.)	145 11 151 156 40 120 161

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

								1 M	2 A	■	3 M	4 O	5 I	6 S	7 E	8 R	■	9 S
10 Q	■	11 Z¹	12 H	13 X	14 N	■	15 E	16 I	17 B	18 V	■	19 K	20 Z	21 A	22 N	23 P
24 D	25 V	26 U	■	27 L	28 K	■	29 X	30 Z	31 C	■	32 U	33 I	34 T	35 S	36 Y	37 F
38 D	■	39 T	40 Z¹	41 O	42 P	43 A	■	44 K	45 Q	46 Y	■	47 I	48 U	49 Y	50 X	51 S
52 T	53 W	54 B	55 Z	56 L	■	57 B	■	58 M	59 L	60 F	61 R	62 P	■	63 C	64 X	65 J
66 N	■	67 Q	68 U	69 H	70 I	71 P	72 Y	73 W	■	74 Z	75 K	76 M	■	77 N	78 F	■
79 I	80 Z	81 R	82 Y	83 U	84 P	85 J	■	86 W	87 E	■	88 Z	89 B	90 C	■	91 D	92 H
93 C	94 X	■	95 R	■	96 B	97 S	98 H	99 F	■	100 I	101 G	■	102 J	103 S	104 P	105 Z
106 G	107 E	■	108 L	109 T	■	110 U	111 W	■	112 N	113 I	■	114 T	115 F	116 S	■	117 O
■	118 X	119 G	120 Z¹	121 L	122 Z	123 Q	124 A	125 D	■	126 H	127 Z	128 E	■	129 D	130 R	■
131 C	132 R	133 K	134 W	135 M	136 N	137 Y	■	138 Q	139 Z	140 E	141 O	142 V	143 A	144 M	■	145 Z¹
146 B	147 V	148 J	■	149 T	150 F	151 Z¹	■	152 D	153 K	154 L	■	155 R	156 Z¹	157 J	■	158 Q
159 D	160 W	161 Z¹	■	162 B	163 O	164 S	■	165 U	166 M	167 O	168 W	169 Q	■	170 G	171 K	■
172 X	173 S	174 H	■	175 V	176 P	177 C	178 W	179 D	180 L	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 21 of this issue.

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